Memorial Tribute

to the late

Hon. D. N. Lathrope

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MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

TO THE LATE

HON. D. N. LATHROPE,

INCLUDING

LETTERS OF TRAVEL

IN

EUROPE, VIRGINIA, AND THE WEST.

CARBONDALE, PA.:
ADVANCE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1875.

PREFACE---OBITUARY.

This little volume is a tribute of respect to one whose memory is precious to his surviving relatives. To them no more fitting method presents itself for perpetuating some of his life-thoughts as they were jotted down on his numerous and frequent excursions to distant parts of his own country and in foreign lands. The perusal of these letters, more especially to the dear ones who accompanied him on his travels, will serve to keep his memory green; and afford a melancholy satisfaction in reviving the scenes and incidents so graphically depicted by his pen.

The subject of this sketch, Dwight Noble Lathrope, was born July 28, 1811, in the town of Sherburne, Chenango county, N. Y. He died in Carbondale, Pa., (in which place he had resided the most of his life,) on the 8th day of October, A. D. 1872. For many years previous to his decease, he was a professor of christianity; and though quiet and unostentatious in the assertion of his principles, he was yet a firm and consistent believer in the truths of the Christian Religion. As a citizen he lived in the esteem of those who knew him best; and his elevation to an important judicial position, by an almost unanimous vote of the people among whom he had spent nearly all of his mature life, testifies more strongly than mere words of compliment could have done, the hold he had upon their affections. As a lawyer, he was eminently a peace-maker; a safe counsellor; a faithful and able practitioner. As a Judge, he was mild, firm and deliberate, and held the scales of Justice with a wise and strong hand.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the qualities of mind and heart by which he endeared himself to his family and friends. He was successful in business without a stain upon his integrity; and he occupied stations of honor and trust without exciting the jealousy of his compeers; and nature and education so combined and developed the elements of his character that he died lamented by all who knew him.

The places that knew him will know him no more, but so long as any who were the subjects of his kind offices shall survive him, shrines will not be wanting to preserve his deeds in grateful remembrance.

C. E. L.

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DEATH OF HON. D. N. LATHROPE.

[*From the Luzerne Legal Register.*]

Judge Lathrope died very suddenly, at Carbondale, on Tuesday, October 8, 1872.

He seemed to be in his usual health, until suddenly stricken with paralysis, a little more than an hour before his death. He had spent much of the afternoon at his former law office, now occupied by his brother, C. E. Lathrop, Esq., as a law office, and his son, T. R. Lathrope, as an insurance office. He had conversed with his usual cheerfulness with them and other friends that had called, until nearly six o'clock. At that time, as he was walking leisurely across the office floor, it was observed that he made an unusual motion with his feet; his head soon drooped, and he would have fallen, but that he was caught by his brother and other friends. He spoke once only, being understood by his brother to say, "Place me upon the lounge." This was done, and he is supposed to have retained consciousness for about five minutes. He was soon after removed to the residence of his sister, Mrs. Wurts, across the street, and medical aid summoned; but all was of no avail; he ceased to breathe in about an hour.

The intelligence of his death, so sudden, so unlooked for, produced a profound sensation among all classes of citizens; for he enjoyed alike the affections of all. This severe affliction falls heavily upon his family, by whom he was tenderly beloved. It is, also, heightened by the fact that Mrs. Lathrope was at the time at Chicago, on a visit to her sister and daughter residing there, and his sister, Mrs. Wurts, at whose house the much lamented death occurred, was also from home, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jones, in Connecticut.

Judge Lathrope, during the most of his life, was an assiduous and very successful attorney in Carbondale, but retired from active practice some years since, with an ample competence, and has since been much of the time absent on travels in the West, in the South, and in Europe. Improvement in health, which had become somewhat impaired by close and unremitting application to professional business, was one of the objects sought in these travels. He seemed to have attained it in a good measure; but a silent, concealed foe has thus suddenly in an hour, almost in a moment, sapped the foundations of life, and removed an honored and beloved citizen. The age of Mr. Lathrope was about sixty-two years.

CITIZENS' MEETING.

A meeting of the citizens of Carbondale was held at the City Hall, Thursday, October 10th, 1872, to give expression to their feelings upon this occasion of sorrow in the sudden death of Hon. D. N. Lathrope.

Judge Canfield Harrison was called to the chair, and H. B. Jadwin, Jr., was appointed Secretary. A committee, consisting of Hon. P. C. Gritman, Hon. D. K. Morss, Hon. S. S. Benedict, Col. Alfred Darte, Hon. Peter Bryne, I. D. Richards, Esq., and James Stott, Esq., was appointed, who reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the unfathomable dispensations of Providence, Dwight N. Lathrope, present Recorder of the city of Carbondale, has been taken from the midst of us by the hand of death; the suddenness of the shock is only equalled by the magnitude of the loss. The absence of one like him, known from the oldest to the youngest of an entire community, and not more generally known than esteemed and respected, clothes us with the pall of gloom and of mourning. As a practicing attorney since 1833, he was intimately acquainted with the interests and wants of his clients, and also of our city and its locality. These were always his paramount ideas: to them he sacrificed his strength, both of mind and body. As Recorder for about two years, his record, like that of the just Judge, is without blemish. The Bench seemed but a fitting resting-place from his labors—but, alas! how brief the rest; man proposes, but God disposes. As a testimonial of our respect and veneration, be it

Resolved, That it is with heartfelt regret, though in humble submission, that we bow to this dispensation of Providence.

Resolved, That while we mourn his loss, we realize that a great and good man has fallen, and that his memory will be held in affectionate esteem.

Resolved, That the members of the Bar of this court wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of this preamble and resolutions be filed and copied upon the records of this court; that a copy thereof be furnished to the family of the deceased, and to the *Advance* and *Leader*, and county papers for publication.

Resolved, That the members of this meeting, of the Bar and Court, of the official boards, and city officers, attend the funeral in a body, and that we recommend that all places of business be closed between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock P. M., on Saturday, Oct. 12th inst.

Mayor Van Bergen was requested to issue his proclamation, recommending that all business places be closed between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M., on Saturday next, at the time of the funeral.

BANK MEETING.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Miners' and Mechanics' Savings Bank of Carbondale, held at the Bank on Thursday, the 10th instant, on motion the following was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Divine Providence, in His inscrutable wisdom, to call from our midst the Hon. D. N. Lathrope, Recorder of the Mayor's Court of the city of Carbondale, and

WHEREAS, His usefulness and virtues have been well known and deeply appreciated by the community at large, endearing him by ties of more than ordinary affection to all with whom he has been associated during a life of active usefulness and benevolence, and

WHEREAS, Since his elevation to the highest position in the gift of our citizens he has shown himself strictly impartial, just and honorable in the discharge of his responsible duties, therefore

Resolved, That in his removal from amongst us, while humbly submitting to the will of our Heavenly Father, we sincerely deplore the loss so universally felt, and mingle our heartfelt regrets with the deeper sorrow that has fallen upon his family circle and near friends.

Resolved, That though his departure was sudden and unexpected, and on that account felt the more sensibly, yet we sincerely hope that by an upright and well spent life he was eminently prepared to enter upon scenes of perfect rest and happiness hereafter.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with his deeply bereaved widow and children in this trying affliction, and trust that grace will be given them to bear their loss with christian resignation.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased this bank be closed on Saturday afternoon during the hours of the funeral.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be presented to the family of the deceased, and that copies also be furnished to the Carbondale papers for publication.

BAR MEETING.

At a meeting of the members of the Bar of Luzerne county, held in the court room, at Wilkes-Barre, on Monday, October 21st, 1872, the Hon. E. L. Dana was chosen Chairman, and E. S. Osborne, Esq., Secretary.

Judge Dana then stated that the object of the meeting was to take some proper action relative to the death of the Hon. Dwight N. Lathrope.

The Chair then appointed Alexander Farnham, C. E. Wright and D. R. Randall, Esqs., a committee on resolutions.

The meeting then adjourned to meet in the Bar office on Tuesday evening, the 22d inst., at seven o'clock.

Tuesday evening, October 22d, Bar met as per adjournment.

The Committee on Resolutions reported as follows:

The hand of death has again reached forth and removed an honored one from among the elders of our ranks. On the 8th of October, 1872, the Hon. Dwight N. Lathrope, Presiding Judge of the Mayor's Court of the city of Carbondale, while in apparently full health, was stricken down in the midst of his usefulness, leaving a family and friends to mourn his sudden and unlooked for loss.

Judge Lathrope was admitted to this Bar on the 5th of November, 1833, and from that time continued in active practice, with great success, until a few years since, when, by reason of threatened ill health, he wisely withdrew from the more arduous labors of the profession, still engaging in it, however, by counsel and advice.

In 1870, those acts of the Assembly constituting the President and Additional Law Judges of this Judicial District ex-officio Recorders of the Mayor's Court of Carbondale

were declared by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional. Mr. Lathrope was thereupon appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy thus created, and at the next general election in October he was chosen, by an almost unanimous vote of the citizens of his district, to continue in the office for the full term of ten years.

The Bar of this county have seized the earliest opportunity of a general attendance at this, the first succeeding term of Court, to express their sense of the loss occasioned them ; and, therefore, it is

Resolved, That by the death of Judge Lathrope the Bar of Luzerne county have sustained a loss which fills us with sorrow, and is felt to be irreparable ; that in all the aspects in which we view the character of the deceased, he leaves an example which commends him to the regretful remembrance of his brethren in the profession ; that those personal qualities which endeared him to his friends in the circle of private life, also marked him in his more public relations in the Bar and upon the Bench. As a citizen he commanded the unreserved respect and appreciation of the community where he lived. As a lawyer, he ranked deservedly high among his associates. His intercourse with them was distinguished by an unfailing urbanity. He was faithful to his client. He was prudent in counsel, temperate in thought, of sound judgment and clear sagacity. As a Judge, he ably discharged the duties of his station ; while to both his professional and judicial career he brought in aid the advantages of a cultured mind and an upright character. We deem it unnecessary to enlarge upon the merits of Judge Lathrope as a man, a citizen, and professional brother. From him we shall never separate in recollection, that cheerfulness of disposition, that kindly courtesy, that considerate deference to and regard for others, together with an integrity of purpose, always exhibited in his bearing, and which unerringly proclaimed him a gentleman before his fellow men. He was lured by no false ambition nor by the vain desire for personal or political distinction, but content with the legitimate success of his calling, he felt that such success, together with the confidence of his fellow citizens, was the best recompense this life could offer for his toil. This confidence was expressed in a marked degree by his elevation, with unanimity almost unparallelled, and irrespective of party feeling, to the post of judicial honor.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the family of the deceased in the sudden bereavement which has befallen them.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the newspapers of the county, and that a copy be filed in the records of the court, and that a copy be furnished to the family of the deceased.

Appropriate and feeling remarks were made upon the life and character of the deceased by Alexander Farnham, D. R. Randall, C. E. Wright, Andrew T. McClintock, S. S. Winchester, H. W. Palmer, Esquires, and Hon. L. D. Shoemaker. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

CAIRO, ILL., May 24th, 1868.

S. S. BENEDICT, ESQ.—When I made you a half promise to write an occasional letter for publication in the ADVANCE, I scarcely expected the conditions upon which it was founded would concur. But I find I have so much time to observe, that enough can be spent to reflect, and to indite. I feel assured too that in the circle of your readers there are many warm friends to whom I cannot write in detail, who will be glad to hear from me, and it is to such as well as yourself, my dear Mr. Benedict, that I address myself in these letters.

The first reflection which an observant traveler is likely to make, when he gets beyond the bounds of his usual journeyings, is the vastness of his country. And, as he passes from city to city by the thronged and crowded thoroughfares, the thought recurs to him again and again. And, the reverse reflection of how small an integral part of the great community over which the *Great Not Guilty* still holds sway, in his own little Carbondale. And, when he adds to all this, that he is only about one nineteen hundredth of the governing force of even that little town, if his self esteem is not expansive he will be likely to lose much of his conceit. I am free to say, however, that as to all the essential means of prosperity the people of our valley are, as far as I can judge from obvious facts, as favorably situated as any population I have seen on my journeyings. There are I believe few places where labor is better rewarded and the prime necessaries of life are more easily obtained than with you.

I think I know of no place where the spirit of our republican institutions more thoroughly pervades all classes of the community. You treat a man *as a man*, and if he has social merits he is esteemed accordingly, and not weighed by his money. This much I can say conscientiously of Carbondale. I wish I could add that her people were *temperate* as well as industrious, and *tolerant* of the rights of others, as well as lovers of liberty on their own account. But this world is forever aspiring after good, and forever failing to reach it, and Carbondale is no exception to this law.

We left Carbondale April 23rd, and reached Northumberland that night, where we staid until the next morning, our baggage being checked at Scranton for Pittsburg going on ahead of us. We reached Harrisburg on the 24th, at about 1 P. M., where we dined at the "United States," and taking the first train at 4 P. M., reached Pittsburg at 2 A. M., on the 25th, pretty well fatigued, but without serious results. After a more refreshing rest at the Central Depot Hotel, and an excellent breakfast, I sallied out alone to cross over to the levee on the Monongahela, to engage passage down the Ohio. The morning was rainy, and Pittsburg inexpressibly dismal. I fonnd a steamboat, the Delaware, bound for Nashville, and engaged state-rooms and passage to Cincinnati. The current of travel is by R. R. and accommodations on the boat are inferior to what they were formerly, still the comforts are immeasurably greater than they are by rail, and the opportunities for observation much superior. We were three days reaching Cincinnati. The weather cleared up and was fine and the trip delightful. There were some thirty passengers, a few of whom were very agreeable, and all were pleasant. Travel by the Western river boats is always pleasant, and particularly so when ladies are in company. Acquaintances are at once formed, and the family institution adopted. On Sunday a young student of theology who had been pursuing his studies at Allegheny City, and was on his way to Danville, Ky., to finish under the famous Dr.

Breckenridge, held religious services on the boat, having the Captain's permission. After reaching Cincinnati, we concluded to remain on the same boat to Louisville, so as not to break up our party. After about eight hours in Cincinnati, we proceeded to Louisville. Here we changed to a St. Louis packet, and found a very pleasant company with whom we soon formed an acquaintance. We proceeded over the Falls, and past New Albany and other towns, amongst which Evansville and Mt. Vernon in Indiana, and Henderson, Ky., are most important, to Shawnee in Illinois, about 900 miles from Pittsburg, where we found kind friends awaiting us. The passage down the river was very pleasant, and our party spent much of the time in the pilot house, which is 25 or 30 feet above the water, and from whence we had a good outlook over the country.

We left Pittsburg with leafless trees and in the garb of winter. We reached the Peach blossoms at Wheeling, Apple blossoms at Romney, and all sorts of verdure below of field and forest, and at Shawnee found universal greenness, gardens made and yielding their early potatoes and roses in blossom. About a week ago we had our first strawberries, and now have full grown early potatoes and green peas, and corn stands two feet high. But the season is backward here as with you, being at least two weeks later than usual.

We are now at Cairo, *a point of land in a dry time*, between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, but just at this present writing it is somewhat like Venice, composed of streets and houses with innumerable lagoons.

The fact is that both of these mighty rivers are filled to overflowing, and if Cairo was what it was in 1837, when I first saw it, it would consist of the roof of a single house emerging from an almost boundless waste of water, for the whole point would be overflowed, the two rivers coming together at least three miles above the ordinary mouth of the Ohio.

But Cairo has been *leveed*, and four or five fine avenues, a mile in length, and upwards of twenty cross streets of that length, have been filled up to a dry grade with earth brought from the bank of the Mississippi where it filled up again from the wash of the river. By the side of these streets extends well over the city a system of bridging, some six feet wide, and from six to twenty feet high, for sidewalks, of which there are probably twenty miles. The buildings start from the old surface, and up to grade have a basement, and thereupon the edifice proper is erected. In high water, if the city pumps are not, as I am at present informed they are not, in working order, the water finds its way through the levees, and involves Cairo in its present similitude to Venice. All the intermediate low grounds are gradually immersed in water, and the lower extremities of the buildings disappear under the waves. This must have been formerly the general condition, but many lots have been raised so that now the description would be considered by the *Cairones* themselves as highly slanderous.

I must confess I like Cairo even under all these disadvantages, and I feel quite sure the importance of her position will gradually raise her not only above the floods, but out of the reach of all destruction. She has thousands of miles of river communication through the richest vallies of the world, and a railroad connection, broken only by a twenty miles journey to Covington, Ky., with Chicago on the North and New Orleans on the South. Her navigation South is never interrupted, and to the Northward, if some times impaired by frost or drouth, it is still of immeasurable importance, and suffices to move the products of a rich country to a market.

The business on the river is on the Ohio side, the Mississippi boats having to pass around the extreme point now submerged, and sweep around a good mile at least to get into port. Along the bank in front of the levee are moored three immense "*wharf boats*," used for receiving and storing freight, and there are now constantly boats in front of these arriving and departing, discharging and taking on freight for St. Louis, Louisville, New Orleans, &c., &c. The town reminds me more of Scranton than any place I

have seen. The buildings compare favorably with it, and if Scranton had about twenty more such ponds as are to be seen from the Forest House, and a mighty river on each side, the likeness would be striking. There is a St. Charles Hotel here of about the capacity of the Wyoming House, with a score or more of inferior ones with some honored names, dishonored in their use, and some as for example—"*The Vicksburg House*," and the "*Ku Klux House*," which are not misapplied.

The warehouses and storehouses are spacious and elegant, and indicate a wide-awake activity in the business men of Cairo. I am told that many of her first men are New Englanders, and of that ilk, and a slight acquaintance with a few specimens gives me a high view of their fine qualities.

Their public buildings are creditable. Their Court House is superior to many in Pennsylvania, and is a handsome, and in the main a convenient structure. The Jail is the same, and all out of high water.

As I before hinted, I landed for a short time at this point in 1837. There was then but one building, and it, as all points near here on the river were, was inhabited by lawless men, into whose hands it was not good to fall unless you were the stronger party. It now contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and by prudent care of yourself, a man is in no more danger of being robbed than he would be in passing the watering trough on your mountain road, nor of being assaulted if he uses free speech than about your Carbondale polls on election night. Things have been pretty rough here since the war, but are growing better. There are lots of colored *pussons*, but so there are of *jintlemen* from Sligo, &c., so that the *niggers* are kept in subjection and don't claim to be "better than white men." They are not permitted to own drays, or do other than manual work. I passed a colored school this morning in my walk. The ebonys were out at play, but the ebony in a large number was greatly diluted, and one little fellow was so white that the Ohio "Visible Admixture Law" would not shut out his ballot.

I fear I shall tire you by the length and dryness of my letter. It is about the *driest* thing hereabouts, for the Mississippi and Ohio with their banks full and over full, present a world of water on every side.

We shall soon be afloat again, up to St. Louis, and then up the red waters of the Missouri.

D. N. L.

June 11th, 1868.

From the beautiful prairie town of Mt. Vernon, the capital of Jefferson Co., Illinois, on this model summer morning in the leafy month of June, I greet you and the readers of the ADVANCE, as one "whose heart untraveled still returns to home." Though the boundless prairies stretch their verdant and many-colored and floral beauty beyond the scope of vision—and though every view has its peculiar and some their surpassing charms, still, like a true child of the mountains, I turn in fond recollection to a sunny nook on the banks of the Lackawanna, nestled in between the Moosic and her nameless though aspiring sisters on the west. I learn that your readers had my letter from Cairo laid before them in all the dignity which the types and printer's ink of the ADVANCE office could impart. I fear it was unworthy of such distinction, for it was very crude. "If 'twere well 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly," might have been true as to killing Duncan, but Cairo deserved more deliberation, more study of its anatomical structure before *despatching* it. Nevertheless the deed is done, and not done in malice, and though I failed to convey the result of my final impressions, it was simply because I did not wait until those final impressions were received. Better opportunities of observation and information imparted to me by some of our first citizens, led me to an appreciation of her present advantages and future prospects quite beyond the crude view in my letter. Before leaving Cairo we had the satisfaction of joining in the floral decoration of the graves of our soldiers buried at Mound City. Mound City is a naval station, 12 miles up the Ohio, and is a handsome little town. There are here several monitors and gunboats

which were used on the Mississippi during the war, and a force of marines are now stationed here.

The Cairo detachment of the "G. A. R.," chartered a steamboat which made two trips, crowded with men, women and children. Another steamboat came from Metropolis, about 40 miles above, and the people from the surrounding country came in with horses, carriages, &c., and some two thousand persons were present. The graveyard is about a mile from the bank of the river. The procession first passed through between the ranks of the sleeping dead, strewing flowers over their graves, and then breaking up its ranks and collecting in groups in the surrounding groves, a pic-nic dinner was eaten, in my own case with uncommon relish. Then the company was called to order, a President chosen, and other officers appointed, and several speeches made, after which the meeting was adjourned and we returned well satisfied with a duty performed. The number of Union dead at this point is about 5,000. The heroes of Fort Donelson and Shiloh slumber here in "mute forgetfulness." "No sound shall awake them to glory again."

We left Cairo on the 1st of June. The heat was so great then that I found myself debilitated and a return of dyspeptic symptoms admonished me that I must seek more bracing atmosphere. We took the cars of the Illinois Central at 2 P. M., and passing Villa Ridge, Anna Cobden, a great fruit-growing region, Carbondale, Du Quoin, and other towns, reached Tamaroa at 6 P. M., where we stopped at the Capitol Hotel. We remained at Tamaroa some four days. Near here, when in a state of nature, nearly thirty years ago, I entered six or eight hundred acres of land in the Nine Mile Prairie and the timber adjoining, intending to make a home, and here I found several acquaintances, who had done likewise as to the intention and adhered to it as I had not, with fine farms, and everything to make them comfortable. I found here at least one native of Carbondale, a well-to-do merchant, a son of Hiram Blanchard, who will be remembered as one of our early citizens. Carbondale is in Jackson county, a handsome town of flourishing business, and is the home of Gen. Logan. Du Quoin, in Perry county, is quite an important town, and has a large coal trade. The Illinois Central has some 700 miles of track and connects Cairo with Chicago by a nearly straight line of 365 miles, and with Galena of about 425, besides various branches. It is a vastly rich and powerful corporation and aims to become the State, like its sister centrals of New York and Pennsylvania. The people elect members of the Legislature to act for *them*, but the R. R., after they are elected, buy them as they do with us. At Cairo, Tamaroa, and Mt. Vernon, the water used to drink and for culinary purposes is generally rain water caught from the roof and conducted into underground cisterns, and is surprisingly cool and sweet. The well water is impregnated with salts, and for a stranger is anything but pleasant, either in taste or its effects.

This is the pleasantest and I think the best country I have seen in Illinois. It is rolling prairie and groves of oak openings, with a rich loamy soil. There are many well-cultivated farms and an air of thrift and comfort is general. We reached here from Ashley, a station thirteen miles south of Centralia, by a hack a distance of eighteen miles due east, and we are now something over a hundred miles north of Cairo and about seventy-five northwest of Shawneetown, and not far from one hundred east of St. Louis. This town has probably about twelve hundred inhabitants, a fine court house for the Supreme Court, two or three respectable churches, a handsome seminary, a county court house, and doubtless a jail. The stores are well stocked and the ladies as ambitious in regard to all those points by which a fashionable woman is manifest as those of our own goodly city. I am informed by a man who is posted that there is capital shooting six miles south, and have resolved to test the accuracy of his information. The walks about here are delightful in every direction, beautiful open groves can be reached in less than half a mile, where you can ramble at will. The locusts, which are "out" this year, make

the air vocal with the shrill music. You catch in your immediate neighborhood the individual sound which rises, floats for a moment and dies away in a receding wail and blends with a more distant note, and with others farther and farther until all are lost in a swelling anthem of thousands upon thousands. Add to this the whistle of the quail and the sweetly mournful note of the ring dove, and you may readily imagine a person with a turn for melody enjoys the music.

There is a really comfortable and well-kept Hotel here. It has the high sounding name of the "City Hotel," is of brick, three stories, and conveniently arranged. I was afraid the town was a city, but have been assured my fears were groundless, and that it is *only a village*, but is looking forward to the things which are before, and sees with the eye of faith a railroad, with the irrepressible "iron horse," whose eyes shoot forth flames and whose nostrils belch forth fire and smoke. In that day municipal dignities will await her, and she will be great among the cities, such are the vivid hopes of her citizens, and *so mote it be.*

The season here is about four weeks in advance of yours. Peaches are now of the size of a full-grown egg plum, apples and pears about same, blackberries, of which delicious fruit they have an abundance, are half grown and will be ripe first July. They sell in their season for 4 cents a quart. Timothy grass is in blossom and looks finely, and corn, though backward, is doing admirably. Of strawberries we first partook at Shawnee on the 19th May, and had an abundance during our stay at Cairo, but this I can say without boasting, that I raised much finer ones at Grove Cottage than any we have seen both as to size and delicacy of flavor.

Our next stopping place will be Centralia, for a brief space, however. Thence to St. Louis, and thence up the Missouri River, by that delightful mode of travel, a western river boat. If the mood suits I will address you again after that shall have passed into history.

D. N. L.

Near Lexington, Mo.,
June 29, 1868.

Dear Sir:—A new experience has been added to our stock since I last wrote you. The ascent of the Missouri, a long anticipated pleasure, is now "*au fait accompli.*" At least we have had a specimen of what the ascent of that wonderful stream is, in a trip from St. Louis to Lexington, 371 miles, requiring the exertion of all the powers of which the good steamboat Virginia, of the Omaha line of packets, was capable, for about eighty hours. The Missouri is no new acquaintance to the Eastern people, but an acquaintance by hearsay, and no intelligent man can first look upon its *dirty face* and its unkempt locks, without irrepressible feelings of wonder. We entered its mouth 20 miles above St. Louis about dark on the evening of the 23d, the waning twilight being too dim to see its distinctive character, but we were soon reminded by the wallowing of our boat over its oozy bottom, that we no longer floated on the bosom of the majestic "Father of Waters." The circumstance seemed in no wise to disconcert our captain, with whom I was standing on the "hurricane deck," at the time, and who carelessly remarked that 'she was running her nose in the mud." Her "*nose*" was so deep as to stop her speed for a time, but she struggled forward and crossed the bar and floated free for a while, and this occurred throughout the passage many times, never delaying us except once for about an hour. In ascending the river the bow is most heavily laden so that after she gets her head through, her midships and stern follow easily, and if she has to back out, she can more readily do so, by putting out her spars on either side and then by means of tacks and pulleys, raising up her head as a man raises on crutches. The water in the Missouri is inconceivably muddy, I don't think I ever saw water so muddy in the dirtiest hole in our Pennsylvania roads, but it is *running* water and after filtration, not at all unpleasant to drink, though I have never seen it so refined as to be clear, it looks like water with a few drops of milk added to a tumbler.

The river is very winding, running to all

points of the compass, has numberless islands, and innumerable sand bars, tufts of drift and foul roots protruding here and there, "snaggs," "sawyers," "*et id omne genus*," blotch the muddy waters all around, leaving a devious channel through which those "wonderful cricktons" of river knowledge, the Missouri pilots, urge the unwilling boat. The banks are partially girded with low rocky cliffs, but more frequently with low sandy bottoms, raw with the wash of the ceaseless flow and constantly wasting away. It is not unfrequent to see corn and wheat fields where all the intermediate space left for waste had gone and the ranks of corn were following. Sometimes the corn, after dropping six feet, would be upright, its roots well covered by the rich alluvion, and seeming, with a defiant look at the turbid flood, to be ready to exclaim with the dying statesman, "I still live." The corn and wheat along the bottoms looked magnificent, never have I seen better. The wheat was mostly cut and shocked, and its golden sheaves were sights to gladden the heart. The wheat crop from Centralia, Illinois, along the line of the Ill. Central and the Ohio & Mississippi R.R., seemed immense. In that part of Illinois I noticed crops raised on unfenced lands. The stock is fenced in or herded. This seems to me much the best plan.

The Missouri is constantly changing its channel. An old freedman with whom I conversed at a woodyard, told me that about a mile in width had gone from the bank in ten years; a good farm had gone entirely, and he pointed to the opposite shore a sand bar, and said Capt. Jewett, before he died, used to run away beyond that with his boat. It was now what might be called, if not *firm* land, at least main land. Another characteristic of this river is its apparent swallowing up of other rivers without increase. It absorbs their contents and conceals them in its muddy bosom and flows on sullenly; indifferent to the accession, and so far as I could see, in no way influenced by it. Above where it receives the Gasconade and the Osage, it appears larger than below. The Osage deserves special mention as a river of bright waters, and its blue waves sparkling in the sunlight, gladdened our hearts with thoughts of home. On our first day out we met the "Antelope," and soon after the "Octavia," two steamboats just returning from Fort Benton, 3,200 miles from St. Louis. They had been out over three months. What a stupendous fact! a river navigable for a distance greater than from New York to London, and yet full of treacherous shoals at her very mouth. A boat is rarely injured by running on to a sand bar. There is nothing to mar the bottom or to inflict injury. She floats in diluted mud, and when she meets it in the more positive form of *bottom* she only stops her motion and sits there as easily as a hen on her nest, until forced by her wheels to wallow through. On account of the difficult navigation, down boats tie up at night, and ascending boats feel their way very cautiously between dark and daylight. The scenery along the banks has much sameness, but it is very beautiful, made more so at this particular season by the bloom of the wild rose, almost as plentiful as the laurel on our mountains and quite as brilliant. They are climbers, and spread over small trees and branches and present the appearance of the tree itself filled with bloom. The forests are more open than ours and but little obstructed by undergrowth, and as far as the eye can reach vistas of surpassing beauty open before you. Huge vines of the native grape were often seen running up fifty feet and overspreading the topmost boughs of tall trees, the parent bough of such magnificent size and vigor, as to make it an indiscretion for me to hazard the expression of their actual measurement in "the mind's eye." Great elms and cottonwoods covered by a climber which we called ivy, from the very bottom of the trunk up to the branches, so that their trunks present the appearance of columns entwined with leaves, met our gaze in every direction, and suggested the studied adornment of taste and elegance in preparation for some festive occasion. And so we sailed up the Missouri in the good ship Virginia, worthy of her name, when her name was worthy, with pleasant officers and a

pretty full complement of cabin passengers, all of whom were pleasant and a few possessing refinement and cultivation, past Jefferson city, the capital of this noble State, Herman, a grape-growing German town, Glasgow, Brunswick, Booneville, and Arrow Rock, to Lexington, where we debarked, and after breakfast took a carriage for Dover, about fifteen miles nearly down the river, but which could not be reached so well from her own landing two miles distant as from Lexington. Lexington is like all the above named towns on the Missouri, high on the bluff, eighty rods from the landing. To the left of the road as you go up a steep hill is a deep ravine which rises from the rest of the ground up to the town, and here it was that Mulligan and his men were posted when Price, crossing the Missouri, attacked and captured him. We were driven out in the carriage by a darkey who was characteristically cautious in expressing an opinion about "affairs of state," saying to my first approaches that he was nothing but "a poor ole Virginny nigger" and didn't know nothing, but he was soon assured by our friendly expressions, and freely communicated many tales of horror which had occurred in his own knowledge. It was at Lexington where Charley White, one of our old citizens, in the early days of the war, was taken from a boat in which he was endeavoring to escape from his own home, and after being carried into the woods cruelly murdered, and his body left there, and before it was found was mutilated and nearly devoured by hogs. His widow, a southern woman, still lives, if our informant is to be credited, near Lexington. The country about here is exceedingly fine, and reminds one of the Cumberland Valley. The crops of wheat now being harvested are full and suggest a fall in flour. The corn looks well.

The country, like Illinois, is badly watered, plenty of water in the wet season and but little in the dry. This is one of the greatest evils of these rich western regions. Kansas, I am informed, has running streams and is well watered, while the climate and soil are equal, and if I were young and wanted to emigrate to a new region, I should examine Kansas and Nebraska before deciding. The farms here are large, containing generally about a thousand acres, fine houses of brick, and generally with ample lawns and fine shade trees in front, and everything indicates wealth and ease. The farm on which we are staying covers with its adjuncts, over fifteen hundred acres and has on it over two hundred head of horned cattle, with *quantum sufficit* of horses, mules, hogs, &c. It is occupied by a Virginian family, on the father's side, of Scotch origin, and on the mother's distantly connected with R. E. Lee, whilom commander-in-chief of rebellion, and fully sympathizing with the South in the late struggle. Nevertheless we acknowledge each other as kindred and set a seal upon our lips to escape offence. Our surroundings are in every respect of the most agreeable character, and in this we have no doubt of their sincerity, like Saul of Tarsus they verily believe they are serving God, and like him, we trust they may see a light and that the scales may fall from their eyes in good time.

From hence it was my intention to go to Leavenworth and Lawrence, in Kansas, and probably to Manhattan, 80 miles beyond, on the Pacific R. R., but at present I am a little undecided, and may go to Omaha, and thence to Des Moines, to which point we sent our principal baggage by express from Cairo.

The weather is too hot for pleasure travel in these latitudes. We had one week in Mt. Vernon of very hot weather, and it is too warm now for exercise out of doors and railway travel. As to health, in search of which we are wandering, while we do not feel all the returning vigor of youth, we do not find as yet that we are unequal to the demands which traveling makes on our strength, and we hope that change of climate and food, and of the routine burdens of life with absence from the carking cares of business, are implanting and will foster influences that will silently work together upon the system and produce a happy result, which if not speedy will be certain.

If we go to Kansas, which is probable, I

think I will address you again from there. I have presumed somewhat in my chirography on your well known facility to read my hand, and if it proves too much in any instance for your own skill, please to substitute from the coinage of your own brain, fitting words to supply delinquencies. Yours truly,

D. N. L.

Dover Lodge, Mo., July 10, 1868.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps a few more rambling thoughts from this isolated place may entertain some of your readers, and as it relieves the monotony of constant reading, I am sure it will be pleasant to me to write them.

The country is not new; it has been settled for over thirty years. The farms are large in our view, having been owned by wealthy men and worked by slaves. So long as they had plenty of negroes, hemp was the staple, and its production was profitable. Mules and horses were largely raised, and I presume a considerable business was raising negroes for the Southern market. Now wheat and corn are the staples. The farms are not generally all worked, portions being allowed to grow up in bushes and the rest rather loosely tilled, and rented out in small patches to rambling Illinoisans and Indianians and to the negroes themselves, few of the haughty planters and their sons being inclined to stoop to labor. One Kentuckian born, but long resident of Morgan county, Ill., a thriving, snug farmer, owns the farm adjoining this, and knows how to manage his place; accordingly his crops are exceedingly good. He will gather one quarter more than the tenants on this farm, of whom there are many, both white and black. The more I see of the country, the more I am satisfied of its great fertility. The surface is not flat, but quite rolling and hilly, particularly in the timber which belts the Missouri river for nearly two miles. The river bottom about a mile wide is bound with a magnificent growth of timber, and is of amazing fertility. The prairie, which stretches away to the South, is of surpassing beauty, and exceedingly rich. In Illinois, I observed a tendency in the soil to bake and become very hard. Here that is not so, the soil being mellow and friable. I find, too, a number of springs of soft and cool water, some of which, I am assured, are unfailing. Land is not cheap here; it is held at forty to fifty dollars per acre. Two years ago it could be bought for half that.

The country will never flourish until it is cut up into small farms, and worked by its owners. Then it will be equal to Lancaster, Chester, Delaware, and other rich counties of our own State.

The people here are either well educated and with high notions of chivalry, in the Southern view of it, ready to take offence and quick to resent it, or they are of the very ignorant; all alike, however, in detestation of "Yankees," whom they hold in great contempt, and consider, as the Chinese consider civilized nations to be, outside barbarians.

Gentlemen and poor men, black and white, all go armed with one or more deadly weapons, and use them on very trifling occasions. They even carry them to church, and wear pistols, not only on their persons, but have them in holsters on their saddles, in most conspicuous view. The horses tied up to the hitching-posts look like the war-horse, caparisoned with pomp and circumstance, and ready for a "charge." Union men are scarce. "Old Abe" is abhorred in memory, and Grant considered a butcher, filled with whiskey. They seem to look forward to November as an end to "Radical" rule and the commencement of a democratical millenium. During the war they were overrun by bushwhackers, who robbed them in the name of Jeff. Davis of all their valuables. Many of these desperate characters are here yet, and these people tolerate them. Yesterday I saw Dave Pool, a leader of a gang, who, my informant said, could tell tales that would chill the blood, and who, he added, now is supposed to be connected with a society to encourage the stealing of horses. I did not consider him *handsome*. Indeed, all the uncultivated people here are ill-looking enough for bushwhackers.

The "Fourth" passed here without a ripple in the wave of feeling. The day wasn't mentioned at all, in these parts; indeed, I was told they never did think much of it, and I heard

none of the ringing of bells and booming of cannon which immortal old John Adams thought should usher it in—no, not even a fire-cracker, the live-long day. Think of that, oh! you Young America who make "Shanty Hill" and the "Turnpike" resonant with patriotic explosions on the "*glorious Fourth.*" To confess to the honest truth, however, I was glad to escape the kind of patriotism "the day we celebrate" usually evokes, having little relish for squibs, torpedoes, fire-crackers, and the endless agencies of noise which a quiet man finds it hard to bear. We spent the day pleasantly at the house of an old Illinois acquaintance, who has a handsome, small farm, about a mile and a half from "Dover Lodge," and who lives here now in undisputed repose, although he was driven out by the bushwhackers during their reign, because he was a Unionist. He has learned to be discreet, and to keep his tongue, as it were, with a bridle, when he hears sentiments which he loathes. Freedom of speech is at a discount here, and, unless a man wants a fight, silence is the only remedy.

My wife says, like a true woman, she would not live here for all their land, rich and beautiful as it is; and her opinion, I presume, will be fully endorsed by the matrons of Carbondale. We have finally settled upon going to Kansas. We have already endured more heat than would make a Carbondale summer. Since the last of April, we have had hot weather, with rare exceptions, and no cold weather at all. The sun is now glowing with fervid heat, and yet we seem to keep well; I think, perhaps, we shall *sweat out* all the impurities, and come out minus dyspepsia and the other ills which cumber the flesh. We shall still make Southward a little, while we go West a good deal. We propose to ascend the Missouri river to Kansas City, about a hundred miles, and then go by railroad to Lawrence, and after viewing that beautiful town, to still proceed by railroad to the Sac and Fox Indian Agency. This is the point where the Indian Reservation, covering one-sixth of the entire State, and embracing 8,000,000 acres, is to be sold, if in the meantime old Andy don't succeed in giving it to Sturgis for a song, as it is said he is trying to do. Your readers are doubtless informed of this extraordinary attempt to squander so magnificent a portion of the public domain. I am going to examine these lands, and if I find purchases can be made from the Government, will endeavor to make arrangements whereby any of my Carbondale friends can make purchases at the Government prices without leaving home.

The only Republican paper which I have seen here is the *Shawneetown Mercury*, which is sent by a gentleman of that town to his brother residing here, and my political reading is altogether derived from the Missouri *Republican*, which is anti-Grant, anti-reconstruction, and anti-republican, despite its name. It is fairly set off, however, by the *Democrat*, published also in St. Louis, and which is the leading Republican paper of this State. Both are therefore parallel to the "white blackbirds." The *Republican* spreads her wings in this region, the *Democrat* airs itself on the North side of the river, among the "Radicals." Oil and water do not mix, neither do Missouri Democrats who fought for Jeff. Davis in the rebellion, fraternize with the Radicals, who were Union men. The outrages were so great during the bushwhacking season, that the detestation by loyal men of their perpetrators will not die out for this generation at least. Lamentable as this state of things is, it is manifest that it must fade out of remembrance by the lapse of years. It must die out in the persons who suffered, as they pass one by one to that oblivious land, where the memory of their sorrows is forever gone.

It is easy to moralize, and decide, as the result, that men should forget and forgive past injuries; but the stubborn fact is, mankind will not, and the wisest legislators will fail to heal, by their cunningly devised statutes, the disturbances in men's minds which the rebellion evoked, and which still rankle there, ready, like leashed hounds, to spring upon their prey as soon as they are set free. It requires coolness to talk on public affairs where the unreasoning and unreasonable herd. Their expressions are so disgustingly harsh and untrue. They seem fairly to loathe the

memory of Lincoln. His mildness, his placability, and his honest, straightforward character, are all subjects that excite their bitter contempt. Those words, so touching and sublime, "With charity for all, with malice toward none," at the close of that second inaugural, the whole of which might have been fittingly spoken by the lips of an angel, only excite in them more furious hate. Grant is never spoken of with respect, and I have never heard his name here uncoupled with vile abuse, unless by one or two persons, and they must speak with bated breath. Perhaps one more Republican victory, by removing all hope of party ascendancy for another Presidential period, will have a tendency to remove the bitterness which now, like a deadly virus, lurks in the hearts of the Democrats of Missouri, who were actors or sympathizers of the rebellion. Certain it will be, if the Republicans don't elect Grant, no Union man can live here. Missouri is only held now by the firmness of her loyal people, who, during the absence of the rebels in Price's army, got control of the government, and by adopting a constitution which disfranchises rebels, they are enabled to carry the elections. This is looked upon by those distinguished patriots, who, failing to destroy the Government by force, now want to achieve the same result by political machinery, as a very great outrage upon their rights, and this is the view which our Pennsylvania Democrats endorse.

You may hear from me again.

Very truly, D. N. L.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 8, 1868.

Dear Sir:—On the 17th July we broke up our quarters at Dover, and started under a fervid sun and a temperature above the heat of the blood, for Lexington, to await the "Mary McDonald" on her upward trip from St. Louis to Omaha. We reached Lexington without other incident than the killing of a snake whose rattles, eleven in number, I have with me as a trophy. The boat did not come to time and we learned next day that she had met with an accident and was laid up for repairs at Jefferson City, her freight and passengers being transferred to the next boat of the line, which did not reach Lexington until 10 o'clock P. M. on the 19th. The two days spent at Lexington were, I think, the hottest and most uncomfortable I ever experienced, the mercury all night being over 90°.

We were right glad to feel the cool breeze which the motion of the boat gave us in going up the river. We reached Kansas City next day after dinner and stopped over night at the Gillis House on the bank of the river, and found it very pleasant. From our window the waters of the Missouri flashed in the clear starlight and looked as silvery and beautiful as those of our own Susquehanna. Kansas City is one of the most important points on the river. It is now a smart, wide-awake town of 20,000 inhabitants and has direct R. R. connection by two lines with St. Louis, one with Chicago, north with Leavenworth, St. Joe and Omaha, and west by the Union Pacific with Lawrence and soon with San Francisco.

From our windows also we could see the lights flashing in the fine little town of Wyandotte lying above Kansas City in a bend of the Missouri and looking as if it were on the opposite side of the river. It is on the same bank, but it is across the Kaw or Kansas river and in the State of Kansas.

We took the cars on the morning of the 21st for Lawrence, which place we reached before noon and were driven to the Eldridge House where we dined and remained till 3 o'clock. The Eldridge House had more of a home-like look than we had been accustomed to lately, and we enjoyed ourselves in the air of eastern semblance which everything wore. Our next point was Ottawa, south of Lawrence, on the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston R. R., about 30 miles. Here, after some delay, we procured an Illinoisan who had a nice pair of mules and an excellent and roomy spring wagon, to take us to the "Agency," a distance of 20 miles. Our only trouble was that our driver did not actually know the road, and the roads over western prairies being made at will, it requires much experience to keep on the right

track, even in the day time. Ours was to be a night ride, and as the night was delightful and not in the least too cool we felt quite secure, and contemplated a possible difficulty of that kind without anxiety. We were on the head waters of the Osage and were to go up the river and not cross it until we reached our objective point. The rivers in the west are so very crooked that in driving from one point to another without crossing, you must keep at a great distance or wind with it, so that it gave us but very little clue to our road. Our Illinoisan was, however, a sagacious man, and never failed so long as he had to rely upon himself to make the right selection. Some time after nightfall we were relieved of all anxiety by the appearance of a boy on a horse, who rode up from behind, and on my accosting him, he said he lived at the Agency, was going there, and would guide us. He had, in fact, heard of us at Ottawa, and rode up to join us, and have company. We found that but for his aid we could not have found our way, the latter four miles being obscure through dark wood, bottoms, and the ford of the Osage beyond the comprehension of a stranger in the night.

This is a Reservation originally about 40 x 25 miles, now about 9 x 16—set apart for the Sac and Fox Indians, who after the Blackhawk War were a trouble to the settlers in Iowa and Wisconsin, and whose lands the Government bought, and set them apart this land as a home.

They came here in 1845. The price for their farm lands is in the hands of the Government, and they pay either the interest or instalments of principal, semi-annually. An agent resides here, and a doctor, blacksmith, and there is also a store where the Indians make all their purchases. A careful list of all the heads of families is made by the agent with the assistance of the head men of the Indians, together with the number of each family. Then the agent in settling semi-annually, after deducting the expenses of the agency, viz: his own salary, the doctor's, blacksmith's and interpreter's, and adjusting the account of each with the store, a payment is made equal to $20 per capita of whatever balance may remain to the Indians themselves. They have rarely anything left. They are completely savage and heathen. There is a Methodist Mission Establishment, but the agent has no confidence in it, and thinks it has been principally engaged in making a speculation out of its privileges. Maj. Wiley, the agent, seems a candid man and I would not doubt his sincerity. I did not see any one connected with the Mission. The Indians in 1845 numbered about 2,500. They are reduced to about 1,000. Keokuk, son of the original Keokuk, is Chief of the Sacs, while a son of the Blackhawk is simply a common Indian. Keokuk is fine looking, has a large house and farm near the Agency —the farm worked by a white man—has cows and hogs, as well as horses in abundance, and is the only Indian who does anything for himself save hunting and fishing. Chick or Kuk, the Chief of the Foxes, is only a "Big Injun," and no wiser than his race. Whatever of honor it is to salute and be saluted by an Indian Chief in his wild native costume, it is one which my Summer wanderings has brought me from both the above parties. Keokuk has two wives, who live together in perfect harmony, and it was my good fortune to see them wending their way together with two or three small children to the store, where they sold some of their wares, including a nice pair of fawn-skin moccasins, which were bought by me as a present to my daughter.

The Indians generally do no work; they neither keep cows or hogs or chickens. The squaws cultivate perhaps an acre of corn in a poor way, and they have to eke out the winter on game. They have plenty of ponies, each family owning a dozen. These they never feed except by pasturage, and in winter they run down, but get fat again when fresh grass comes. They sell them frequently to ramblers, often for $25, far less than their value. They dress in leggings and blankets, red being the favorite color. They look quite picturesque when they come in groups of ten or twelve, each with a wing of eagle, swan or turkey in his right hand, which

is used for the tri-fold purpose of shield from the sun, fan, and fly brush. They wear no covering for the head, the hair is shaved, except for about four inches broad, and this strip from the forehead to the nape of the neck is cropped close, except another strip about an inch wide in the centre, which is left long and braided. This is the scalp-lock and through this a single eagle's quill is worn cross-wise. Ornaments hang from the ears by several different perforations, and very uncomfortable collars made of wampum are worn around the neck. On the whole, I prefer civilized customs, and recommend no one to the romance of savage life. If their romantic virtues were what some writers would have us believe, some charm might still pertain to them, but with the exception of honesty, which all my informants conceded to them, they seem utterly depraved, besotted and brutish. Some of their customs are horrible and utterly revolting. The poor squaws are at the mercy of the most brutal of the tribe. Chastity has no protection, either moral, social, or, so far as I could learn, parental, and some of the scenes which were related to me by the resident physician were enough to make one feel as if the whole obscene tribe deserved the swift vengeance of utter destruction.

A treaty has been made recently, whereby the tribes convey the land in the Reservation to the U. S. Government, taking in lieu of it a larger reservation some 300 miles south and west of the Cherokee nation. The waves of emigration surge with unceasing force all around it, and many Squatters a few degrees less savage than the Indians themselves, break over, and can only be expelled by military force, and Gen. Sheridan has kept a squad of Cavalry here to patrol the district and drive off intruders. I found Col. Sheridan, a brother of the General's, here, and had the opportunity of forming his acquaintance, and of seeing him frequently for two or three days.

I have not spoken of the country. It is beyond praise—beautiful as Nature with her cunning hand can make it.

The streams, some three or four in number, are lined for near a mile with timber. Then there is prairie bottom, running back say a mile farther, and then a high ridge, say fifty to sixty feet, and beyond this rolling prairie, until it meets with and blends into other systems of conformation similar to itself. As you rise to the crest of a ridge, you find rough limestone in loose, detached masses, and in great abundance, sufficient for buildings and fences. The Indian houses are mostly stone, built by a smart agent, years ago, who made a "smart chance" of money by it. The Indians, however, are too wild to relish houses, and they have dismantled many, turned others into pens for their horses, and prefer a bark house or a wretched wigwam or "wicky-up." In my rides, extended in various directions, I saw many of them, and I confess I could see not the faintest shadow of a shade of romance—it was rather a degradation so unnecessary and so intense as to excite disgust and loathing. At their houses they are nearly nude, and I saw many nearly grown up children riding in the fierce sun, gathering up the horses belonging to the family, in a state of entire nakedness.

For many miles South of this, all along to the Southern line of the State, the country is very similar to this, and equally as good. The climate is salubrious and healthy, pretty warm through the Summer—not warmer than our hottest weather, but continued longer. The Winter is much shorter and milder, yet with occasional Northerly storms, which are sudden and fierce, but of short duration.

Within ten years, I doubt not, fine farms will dot this whole country, and all the appliances of civilized life will be nearly as common as with us. The slow process of clearing up and cultivating the heavy timbered lands East of the Allegheny, is no criterion for this country. Here it is but to fence and plough the prairies, and your field shows no more signs of wildness. The soil is comparatively exhaustless, and, if all things conspire, a crop of sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is not an impossibility. As several things generally go wrong, twenty-five

bushels may be considered an average. The corn, too, is generally a good crop—this year an immense one. Grapes do well, and apples, peaches, pears, and other fruits, succeed admirably in the few localities where they have been tried.

But I must conclude this letter with the remark, that I hope your compositor will succeed better with it than with the two first, which I first saw after reaching here. I always thought that you, Mr. Benedict, could read my manuscript better than I, myself. I shall not complain if you decipher it in any way so that you don't make me responsible for nonsense. Respectfully, D. N. L.

DES MOINES, Aug. 17, 1868.

DEAR SIR: The State of Kansas is, if I recollect correctly, in area nearly of the size of New York and Pennsylvania, is of unsurpassed fertility, well watered with streams that lie deep in their banks, and scarcely ever overflow, has abundance of stone, and as I believe plenty of coal, has some timber and may have any quantity in twenty years and can not fail to be in a very few years among the leading States in the Union. Her cities, Leavenworth, Lawrence, Ottawa, Topeka, &c., spring at the first bound to the position of first-class towns, without the slow and painful efforts of our Eastern towns. Not even such a place as Scranton can rival Leavenworth or Lawrence in her growth, and Ottawa in three years has a better Hotel and a larger and finer educational building than Binghamton. Lawrence, twice burned by rebels, has splendid warehouses, and is in business appearance quite equal to either Binghamton or Scranton.

The people have a smartness that is neither pleasing nor profitable to strangers, and that portion of them with whom the traveling public come in contact are not calculated to recommend their State as remarkable for the hospitable treatment of strangers.

The railroads charge nominally seven cents a mile, yet not satisfied with their over-rate they required from me for three fares, from Lawrence to Leavenworth, $8.25, the distance being thirty-one miles. In one day's travel in Kansas my expenses were over thirty dollars, seven dollars whereof were for omnibus transfers to hotels and thence to other roads. You have the uneasy feeling too all the while of being overreached. As soon as we crossed the river into Missouri the most perceptible difference was manifest, the fare on the Missouri Valley RR., from Leavenworth to St. Joe, 47 miles, being just the same as that from Lawrence to Leavenworth. St. Joe is a thriving and beautiful town of about 25,000 inhabitants, and very fine public buildings. The "Pacific" and "Saunders" are fine hotels. We stopped at the latter and were more pleased than at any house this side of the "Everett," in St. Louis. The jobbing houses in St. Joe and their stocks are not inferior to the same class in St. Louis. Above St. Joe, on the river, the first town of much account is Brownsville in Nebraska, then Nebraska City, and then Council Bluffs in Iowa, and Omaha in Nebraska. At Omaha we stopped a day. It is a town of rapid growth, but of considerable pretension. There are two splendid brick blocks that cover a whole square, one on Douglass and one on Farnham streets; one large first-class hotel, and a legion of smaller ones. It is picturesquely laid out on uneven ground about half a mile from the river, and a great many very handsome residences are to be seen back of the business part of the town, and many others are being built. Several of them have the Mansard or French roof which adds to their beauty and to their inside capacity as there is no waste of attic. We climbed the hill, too, and the stairs in the State House, and from the dome were rewarded by a magnificent view of river, town and country, and immortalized ourselves by penciling our names on the wall where there appeared to be room for "just one more." We were told that the Capital is to be removed to Lincoln, about fifty miles in the interior. Council Bluffs, said to be a fine, flourishing town in Iowa, about four miles from Omaha, we did not visit, and passed through it after dark. Our route lay over the Chicago and Northwestern RR., about one hundred and fifty miles, to Montana.

Here we breakfasted, and took a stage for Des Moines, due south forty miles. We had a regular old Troy Coach and nine passengers, all pleasant and intelligent, and a fine day, and most beautiful scenery. There was at least one drawback to perfect felicity. The driver, either envious of our happy condition or from a naturally perverse disposition or a demoralized musical taste, made frequent and entirely unnecessary use of his brake, which had a sound so utterly discordant that one cannot recall it without a shudder of disgust. I wonder if there ever was a stage line in any age or country where the driver and passenger did not look upon each other with mortal antipathy. You remember, I presume, when we used to ride to New York over the Pike County barrens, when a passenger had to be pretty civil or whip the driver, if he were lucky enough to be able.

I come now to speak of Des Moines, which is handsomely situated on both banks of the Des Moines river, which is crossed by two wagon bridges and one railroad bridge. The main part of the town is on the west bank, although the State House and all the Depots are on the east bank. The population is about 15,000, the people intelligent, and the buildings excellent. The Savery block is a fine building which is used below for business houses and above for a hotel. The U. S. Government is now building a fine stone building for a Post-Office and other Government offices. The stone is brought from Joliet, Illinois. A very large brick Court House is nearly completed, and such School Houses! One magnificent edifice is just being completed on the west bank, very large and of beautiful design and finish, and it is hardly too much to say superior in every way to the combined beauty and cost of all the buildings of like character in Luzerne county! On the east bank is also one just about completed, better than any single building of the kind in our county.

There are three others of very superior character. A Carbondale boy is to be a leading teacher here soon, and has been appointed superintendent of public instruction—a son of Rev. Mr. Willis, former pastor of first Presbyterian Church, now of Rockford, Illinois. A very fine, massive and elegant brick church of large dimensions and beautiful finish, is nearly completed by the "Central Church" which is N. S. Presbyterian. It will be very much superior to any house for religious worship in the place. The Roman Catholic Church is a massive brick building of handsome appearance. The Baptists have a large and handsome brick, and so have the Methodists. The O. S. Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Christians, have respectable edifices, and the Congregationalists a very convenient and ample, though cheaply constructed house. One of the finest buildings in the city is the elegant book store of Mills & Co., on Fourth street. It is a five story brick, the basement and attic as well as the fourth floor being occupied by the publishing department. It is here that the *State Register*, a wide awake Republican daily is published. The presses are Hoe's cylinder, driven by steam, and five or six in number. Here all the State printing is done.

We were shown through the whole establishment, going first by the steam elevator to the attic, and then descending on foot from story to story. It is singularly complete as a book-making establishment, and reflects high credit upon the spirit and enterprise of the proprietors.

We visited also the State Arsenal, and passed through the flag room, where are collected and displayed nearly all the regimental flags of Iowa. We saw the tattered remnants of many a hard fight, at Donelson, at Pea Ridge, at Wilson's Creek, where Lyon fell, and at Pittsburg Landing. Very few were exempt from the effects of rebel shells, and many were nearly shot away and were literally rags. Many rebel flags, captured by the Iowa regiments, were also displayed as trophies. Adjutant-General Baker looks upon them all with just pride, and, like an old soldier, likes to find a listener to his vivid memories of the war. He calls all the Iowa troops, when speaking of their deeds of endeavor and endurance, "my boys," and in return his "boys" all like him. He told me many

anecdotes—some of Gen. Grant, which were of exceeding interest.

The business houses are many of them small temporary wooden structures, which are giving way to fine brick buildings. The private residences are generally tasteful, commodious and elegant, and some are princely. The finest part of the town, in my view, for residences is upon the higher ground to the North, and much of it is already occupied. The prices of property indicate a disposition on the part of the citizens to be well satisfied with the place, and on the part of *outsiders* who are willing to pay such prices to become *insiders*. The residence of Mr. Allen, a banker and millionaire, which is quite out of the town, would be considered fine on the banks of the Hudson. He is, perhaps, the richest man in Iowa, and made his money here. The estimated cost of his house and grounds is a quarter of a million. The State House is of brick, and quite out of date—not at all the thing for the present and prospective greatness of this noble State, which will, doubtless, soon replace it with an edifice which will more properly represent its importance.

We rode out on the prairie Southwest of the town, yesterday. The afternoon was beautiful, the roads fine, though somewhat dusty, and the country more beautiful than I can describe. The corn, with its heavy burden of ears hanging down, looked as if the season had been most propitious. The stubble of the wheat-fields, and now and then the stacks of wheat not yet threshed, indicated heavy crops, successfully gathered, and altogether the scene presented was one to awaken many reflections on the greatness of the country. Millions of acres are yet untenanted, and so cheap in price that the first crop will pay for land and all the cost of working it.

How is it that the needy young men of the Eastern States can be kept there, barely self-supporting, when here they could establish themselves for life, and be rich in five years. There are unsettled portions of Iowa where 160 acres of better land than there is in Luzerne county can be had for two hundred dollars! Land about here is high, comparatively, and yet not so high as in Greenfield. The country is healthy, and as for society and all the comforts of life, it is not inferior to the best we have with us.

As to political importance, the great Northwest has shown herself, in the forum and in the field and in the Senate and in the army, to be in the lead of the nation, and this influence is growing with such rapidity that her counsels will soon dominate. The next apportionment following the decennial census will increase her preponderance in the House of Representatives, and the continual admission of new States gives her the same advantage in the Senate,—so that, clasping hands with New England, she can save the country from the demoralizing and debasing tendencies which the wickedness of the whiskey-drinking population of our great cities in the central States so constantly generates.

Who would not tremble for his country if the same influences which prevail in New York city were to govern the councils of the nation? But, thanks be to the God of our Fathers—who guided the Pilgrims of the Mayflower in her wintry voyage—who blessed the heroic sacrifices of our sires in "the times that tried men's souls"—who caused victory to perch upon our banners at Gettysburg, and upheld the nation when traitors struck at her vitals—who raised up a Washington, a Lincoln, and a Grant, and strengthened their hands in the struggles in which they were engaged—we have here in the great Northwest a conservative force which has been and still is undebauched by municipal corruptions, and which will strike a blow for Freedom whenever and by whomsoever she is assailed.

Since we came here, the weather has been moderate, at no time elevating the mercury over about 80 degrees, and the nights generally being cool enough for sleeping. We have much improved in physical health, and quite as much in spirits. Since about the 20th of May, with one or two short intervals excepted, we have lived in a temperature varying from 90 to 100 degrees, with hot nights, and for some time with nights when the mercury kept up to 90 degrees. I have been much

farther South, but never experienced such heat so long continued. It was like an extended Turkish bath.

We leave here on the 21st—it is now the 20th—for Chicago, and after a couple of weeks design going to Milwaukie and seeing something of Wisconsin. I am afraid I am getting tiresome. I am sure I am tired; so with kind regards to all readers, I am, as ever, Yours, truly, D. N. L.

LETTERS FROM VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA HOTEL,
STAUNTON, VA., March 15, 1870.

DEAR SIR: We reached here at 4 P. M., yesterday, direct from Washington, *via* Orange & Alexandria and Ohio & Chesapeake railroads. While in Washington we visited Mt. Vernon and several of the objects of greatest interest in that city of magnificent things—I might say more briefly of "big things." There is one idea that always strikes you when you happen to visit a legislative assembly, and with peculiar force when it is specially an august one, viz: how very common our great men seem. First, they are *common* looking. They usually have the good sense to use very common language, and what seems worse, to express very common ideas, in all of which particulars they show "common sense," while we are disappointed and very improperly rather dissatisfied—determined in our own mind that an august body like the Senate should be composed of members who rise above the level of humanity. There are several Senators that are really below the common standard of ability, while a very few rise above it. But the common standard is in this country very high, and there are few towns in New England or New York, or counties in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and all the North-western States, that could not furnish the National Legislature in both its branches throughout as well as it is ordinarily furnished with members, and be able to carry on its domestic affairs creditably with the material still left at home. I am really in earnest in making this remark, but of course it needs qualifying in this particular, that a new body of men, uneducated in the routine of parliamentary proceedings and in the forms of legislation, however able, could not safely be entrusted with state affairs, experience and conservatism being better and safer than the highest ability; so that to make an able legislator needs a wise man, with an education in state affairs.

So far as I could judge, there is not now in the Senate a single man that is truly great. Sumner, perhaps, comes nearer than most of them. He is scholarly and profound, and some of his great speeches show masterly ability, for instance, that on the Alabama question, which is worthy of Webster in his palmy days; but then he is, while in *theory* a general philanthropist, a haughty, over-bearing, unapproachable man, whose supercilious manners have made him many enemies among his fellows, not at all confined to his political adversaries.

John Sherman is a calm, dignified, and able man, but cannot rank as great; Trumbull, an acute lawyer; Wilson, truly practical and honest; Nye is eloquent, &c., &c. Were the talents of Sumner, the dignity of Sherman, and the eloquence of Nye, barring the faults of either, to be combined in one, it seems to me the result would be grand; but we must be thankful that the case is no worse, and I doubt not the verdict of posterity will be that the measures of Reconstruction, as well as those which conducted the Rebellion were truly those of wisdom.

But I did not, and do not design to describe the men who legislate for us. There are enough who do this, most of whom do it crudely, and I am far too ignorant of the subject to undertake to instruct your readers, who have suffered somewhat perhaps already.

I will make one remark, which is simply the result of my own personal impression, and that upon an observation exceedingly limited. Some three years since, I spent eleven days in Washington, and much of the time in the House, and it seemed to me the Speaker was made for his place. His manner was perfect, while he held entire command of the House through a very stormy period. I

confess to a disappointment in his appearance in the Vice-President's chair. Mr. Foster, who three years ago presided over the Senate, impressed me much more favorably. His austere though courteous dignity seemed more in keeping with the position. I imagine the Vice-President feels less at home than when at the other wing he held in check the turbulent spirits of the popular branch of the National Congress; and that, too, by such modes as to secure acquiescence from both sides, and gain him a unanimous vote of thanks at the end of the session. I do not mean that he is unequal to the position he now occupies, but rather the reverse, the place is unequal to him. Like some race-horses, that under ordinary circumstances seem like dull hacks, but put them on the course and they seem possessed of a new life, so it seems to me it is with Mr. Colfax.

I was but little in the House, and saw nothing worthy of remark. There are many men of ability there, none worthier of national regard than Dawes, of Massachusetts, who rises superior to the claims of party, and is willing to rebuke extravagance for the good of the country.

Amongst the noticeable men are Butler, whose peculiar physiognomy introduces him to strangers; and Logan, whose tawny skin and sharp eye give him the look of an *Indian Celt.*

I spent some time in the Supreme Court room, and heard two learned Thebans discuss some *dry* maritime case, if that be not a solecism. But there was no mistaking the facts.

The judges, with the exception of Nelson, whose hoar locks crowned his head and face, all looked young and vigorous. The Chief Justice looked still strong and in his prime, though somewhat bald. They still wear the black silk gowns, a relic of English barbarism, which will not last much longer, it is to be hoped, in a nation which has little respect for effete forms.

Our visit to Mt. Vernon was on a cold day, and we did not leave the cabin of the "Arrow" either going down or up the Potomac. Eight miles below Washington is Alexandria, an old Virginian town, having something of the ways of the world. Last Spring, in company with Mr. Richmond, I spent a day there, dining at the Marshall House, famous only as the place where Ellsworth was murdered. Near the railroad, as you pass South, is the resting-place of a large number of our fallen soldiers, who sleep in long rows, as if on parade, under the streaming folds of the flag for whose honor and supremacy they died. Some five miles farther down is Fort Washington, on the Maryland shore, a strong fortress which commands the river approach to Washington.

Mt. Vernon is seen some two miles before you reach the landing, and is easily identified by the stranger who is familiar with the engravings of it. The landing is on a pier which projects twenty rods, "more or less," into the river. When you reach the natural shore, you ascend a winding road for about twenty rods, when you reach the tomb. The remains of Washington are in a vault, open to view from the South, but protected by strong iron rods from entrance, with a huge iron door, whose rusty lock and hinges indicate infrequent use. The body is supposed to be in or beneath a white marble sarcophagus, like a coffin, which has upon it and on its foot end, which is next to your view, suitable inscriptions.

Mrs. Washington's remains are in a similar depository in the same vault. Chaplets of flowers and wreaths of evergreens were upon the sarcophagus, in commemoration of the natal day recently passed. Having twice previously visited the sacred spot, and the chill air and damp ground not being favorable to rambling around, I sat in the old library-room, by the side of a blazing wood fire, replenished as often as needed by a sable young Virginian, while my wife and daughter made the tour of the place.

The interest in Mt. Vernon, and in all that pertains to those grand old "times that tried men's souls," is sensibly abated by those grander times of the Rebellion. Our veneration for the heroes of the Revolutionary period is diminished by our regard for the patriotism, the constancy, the endurance,

and the final success of the heroes of this epoch, when the country, more than ten times magnified in territory, population and wealth, had to pass through a fiery trial of internecine war, the like of which, in the depth of its causes and the deadly antagonism of the principles which were arrayed against each other, the world had not seen. History will regard with great favor the many virtues of Washington and his compeer, but Lincoln and Grant and other worthy patriots of these grander times, in which they were called to achieve, to suffer and to die, will rise higher in the view of posterity. God appoints His agents with unerring wisdom, and they suit the times and the occasions which require them; thus He appointed Washington to create and Lincoln to save their common country.

Mt. Vernon is owned by an association of ladies, who some dozen years since purchased the buildings and a few hundred acres of the estate for $400,000. They receive twenty-five cents each from all visitors, which is collected on the boat, making the expense of the trip $1.25, besides street car fare. It must be a losing concern, for I do not think a large income is derived from the plantation, and the number of visitors is dwindling to very few daily. But as I suppose the ladies got the money from the people, and the object was to keep the place from that "moth and rust" which in Slave States seemed to eat into everything less enduring than the rocks and mountains, the end is nearly accomplished. The rooms have been recently renovated by new lathing and plastering, and my friend Richmond, who visited it with me last Spring, brought away with him as a *memento loci*, a tough piece of oak lathing, which had, perhaps, been put on under the eye of the "Father of his Country." The rooms have all been newly painted, and I observed that a high screen of open wire-work was placed in front of the quaint but highly ornamented and elegant marble mantel, &c., in the dining-room, which was a present from Italy. The rusty old key of the Bastile, a gift from Lafayette, still hangs in its accustomed place, and awakens a train of associations which it will not do to pursue.

I omitted to mention in the proper place that the house is somewhat farther from the tomb than the latter is from the shore. In front of the house there is a fine lawn, descending somewhat too rapidly toward the river, for some ten rods, all between that and the river being primeval forest, with thick, rank undergrowth.

But I must hasten on to other subjects. Our next visit was to the White House. We entered at the West side, and were shown by an attendant into the East room, which, as you doubtless know, is of huge proportions, perhaps about the size of the audience-room of our Presbyterian Church, well furnished, of course, and ornamented with portraits of several of the Presidents, including a fine full length of Washington, by Stuart, as we were told. We had nearly failed to penetrate farther, as the rooms were locked, and the attendant said he was not authorized to open them; but just at this time a small party of gentlemen and ladies passed, and the attendant referred me to Gen. Dent, pointing him out, and on preferring our request to him he said we had only to follow with the party. Thus we were admitted to the famous oval Blue room, and thence to the Red room, and beyond this to a room adjoining, reserved for family use, and not open to visitors. Here we saw a very large painting of Grant and his family, which has been extensively photographed, and is said to be rather flattering to the lady. Grant is represented as we always see him in pictures. In a side view of his face during an hour's sitting in church, and an occasional front view, which Mr. Richmond and I had last May, I did not recognize him as the original of his picture. Nevertheless, I presume it to be a good likeness.

It is only a few faces that you can recognize from pictures. For instance, Butler is one in which the transition is perfect, and you recognize the man at once, having seen his picture. Lincoln I imagine another, though I never saw him. I think the reason is, that faces and heads of a peculiar shape or contour are of that class, the peculiarity being of so striking a character that you see at once the identity. Whereas the commonplace head

and face, such as Grant's is, does not make that distinct impression until you know the original.

From the White House we went to the Smithsonian. This is an immense magazine of stuffed birds, animals, preserved reptiles, *epidermus genus*. All the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the beasts of the forests, and the monsters on the face of the earth and the waters beneath, and I can only say there is decidedly "too much of a good thing." One wearies of the immense number of the objects which come under view. Months of study might evolve some clear ideas of the contents, but a cursory view leaves no distinct impression. It is a wonderful collection, and to students of natural history must be of great interest, but to the unthinking sight-seers, who ramble up and down the corridors, with their cases of beasts, birds, &c., &c., repeating themselves *ad infinitum*, it is like "a waste of sweetness on the desert air." So we left the Smithsonian, as we had left it on former occasions, carrying with us but a small share of its wonderful stores of knowledge, but perhaps with some new sense of the idea of the Psalmist—"How wonderful are Thy works, O God!"

One of the things that must be done if you desire to get an adequate idea of the capitol, as well as of its surroundings, is to ascend the flight of stairs to the top of the dome. For a person not strong this is no small undertaking. Yet we undertook it, and all succeeded in ascending to the base of the roof, which must be over 150 feet from the floor of the rotunda, the top of the dome being 253 feet, and from the base to the top I counted over 70 steps. To this dizzy height my little daughter and I ascended, leaving our companions in the ample circular gallery within the dome, to study the singular paintings of an Italian artist, in colossal figures, upon the whole inner surface, and which are distinctly seen from the floor of the rotunda, as if in the clouds. From various points, as you ascend, are presented to your view the city beneath and surrounding country. The Potomac and Anacostia, the Arlington House, the Howard Institute, the White House, the Treasury, Post Office, and Patent Office, the Smithsonian, and the various churches, form marked features, and you get a more definite idea of the topography of the city than any other means short of long residence will afford.

Of the size of the capitol building, your readers will perhaps better understand its vastness when I say its front is equal to the distance from J. Benjamin & Co.'s tin shop around to the Harrison House corner, and to go around it equal to a walk from the Harrison House corner, up Main street, to the Company's office, thence to Church street, thence down to the Presbyterian church, and back "to the place of beginning." To be precise, its utmost length exceeds 751 feet and its depth 324 feet, and your readers can make the sum total for themselves. They will find it two-fifths of a mile. As to all its wonders of construction, its grandeur and its beauty, both of which are marvelous, I have not the descriptive powers to express, and though I cannot complain of want of time, I imagine the ADVANCE would heave a sigh of weariness should I attempt it. I shall only trouble you, and that very briefly, with the narration of one other subject, our visit to the Patent Office, and that simply to see the Washington relics. These are contained in two show-cases, in the centre of the National gallery, which is of itself a most beautiful sight. There are a military suit of Gen. Washington, a set of china dinner dishes, an old rusty iron chest for valuable papers and money, his camp chest, with the veritable tin dishes he used in the field, and the knives and forks and spoons, his tent, tent-poles and pins, &c. This visit was for the benefit of Hattie, as we had both visited the Patent Office before more than once.

Before closing my letter, I wish, for the benefit of any of your readers who may visit Washington, and prefer the quiet of a private house, to mention that we stopped with Mr. Green, 33 B street, North, near the capitol, where we had a good room, with every essential comfort and with a good table, at $4.00 per day, which I suppose would be for a single individual $1.50. Mr. Green and his

excellent wife are the kind of people who wish you to feel at home, and said they would receive any of our friends as temporary lodgers, by giving them a few day's notice beforehand.

As to our experiences this side of Washington, we reserve them until we know whether the ADVANCE shall receive what is written in a kindly spirit.

I find I have written the play without *Othello*. The point I had to make in visiting Washington at this particular time was to see the seat vacated by Jeff. Davis filled by a negro. I may say with Cæsar, "*Veni, vidi*," —"I came, I saw,"—and I am satisfied that while the rebels *proposed* God has *disposed*. Before the war, this people never could have endured that an African should be placed in a position of authority over the white race. Now, however, the logic of events has prepared us to welcome into the Senate Chamber of the nation one of that despised race. D. N. L.

STAUNTON, March 29, 1870.

DEAR SIR:—Our stay in Washington was just a week, not long enough to see much—about long enough to begin to see intelligently.

The Alexandria depot is near the steamboat landing, quite on the opposite side of the city from our lodgings, which is near the B. & O. depot; but for the accommodation of passengers from the North, who are passing through Washington, the train backs down to a point near the Baltimore depot: and we availed ourselves of this fact, by taking the cars at this point.

We left at 7 A. M., and stopped 20 minutes at Alexandria for breakfast. Alexandria is an ancient Virginia town, that looks as if it wanted the spirit of Young America to rouse it out of its lethargic state. Speaking from some knowledge gained last Spring, when Mr. Richmond and I walked it over, it is sadly deficient in enterprise. It is a port of considerable importance, enjoying uninterrupted trade with the whole seaboard, and nothing but capital and spirit is wanting to make it a lively and thriving place. But it does not seem to be entitled to either distinction.

The country around it, naturally fine and fertile, though run down by slavery, and wasted by war, is now, with here and there exceptional instances, in a wretched condition. This remark applies to the lands bordering the railroad for thirty-eight miles, when you reach Manassas at this point, famous as the scene of two of the most memorable battles of the Rebellion; in both of which the banner of the Union went down before its foes. A smart little town has sprung up, evidently under the auspices of Northern capital. It has a neat and pleasant appearance. At this point the Manassas Gap railroad joins the Orange & Alexandria road. It was upon this road Joe Johnson's men came speeding at the first Bull Run fight, in time to snatch victory from McDowell and his men, and to send the life-blood of the nation back upon its heart; while Jeff. Davis himself, came up the other from Richmond, just in time to have his pulses thrill with the shouts of victory. The first Bull Run was fairly earned by the superior tactics of the Rebels, but the other and bloodier day, or rather three days, was lost by the foul treason of Fitz John Porter and *his friends*. From Manassas onward, as the stations are told off, you recognize the names which filled our news columns during the war, and the country bears evidence of the tramp of armies. It is hard and sterile in appearance, until you reach the vicinity of Culpepper, which is a fine and considerable town, on the Rapidan, I believe. While it has the peculiarities of a slave country, yet both country and village appear pleasant, and I imagine from the outward look of the buildings and the appearance of the people themselves, in the casual observations we had, it is the abode of intelligence and refinement. But for the great number of the colored people, who mixed freely with the throng about the depot, you would see but little difference between it and a Northern town. The colored people are of almost every conceivable hue which admixture of black and white can make, and the variety in colors is not greater than in feature.

Many a swart face, in its Caucassian contour, might serve as a model for a Roman Senator; while many a lighter one retained the more distinctive outlines of its African

ancestry. Occasionally you will see one that might, under favorable circumstances, deceive an expert.

I have frequently noticed faces here in Staunton, among the "colored people," that fully warrant these remarks; and I have sometimes found, too, that it will not do to set down every colored individual as a "nigger," for, on more minute inspection, you will find it a mistake; and that such are proud of white blood. I once heard Robert Letcher, about that time Governor of Kentucky, say that he had on more than one occasion been mistaken for a nigger, and he went by the soubriquet of "Black Bob."

From Culpepper to Gordonsville the country is much improved; and is apparently much of it in primitive forest.

Gordonsville is the junction of the Ohio & Chesapeake railroad, which extends from the seaboard at Norfolk to some point on the Ohio, near the mouth of the Kanawha river, now open nearly one hundred miles west of Staunton, to the White Sulphur Springs, and is when finished to be another great line of inter-communication between the fertile grain fields of the Great West and the Atlantic coast.

It has been languishing for want of means, until quite recently New York capital and enterprise have taken hold of it, and renewed life and energy are already manifested. It will, in my judgment, become one of the most important links between the East and West, and will largely contribute to make of Norfolk a great entrepot of commerce and exchange.

Were I a young man and ambitious to become rich, I think I should make Norfolk my home, as the shrewd Walker has done. The direction of the traveler from Washington to Staunton, hitherto southward, is now direct to the West; and the next town of importance is Charlottsville. This is an old and characteristic Virginia town, with as much of the "ancient Dominion," as Virginia loves to call their old Commonwealth, about it as perhaps any town in the State; an aristocratic society, antiquity, the famous University, founded by Jefferson, and Monticello, the seat of the sage philosopher and statesman, the center of a region, fertile and beautiful, it presents to the proud people of this oldest of the States, a cynosure of attractions. Monticello was pointed out to us by a lady of Staunton, with whom we had made a car acquaintance. It stands on a high eminence, South of the road, about a mile, as I judged, from it, and two or three from Charlottesville. Nothing of its peculiar character can be seen in passing it on the train, but it was some satisfaction to have even a cursory glance at a spot honored as a favorite residence of one so justly eminent as Jefferson. I imagine Virginians have neglected his reputation, on the ground of his strong anti-slavery sentiments. So far as my observation goes, they do not feel specially proud of him. Lee and Jackson, and such as they, are the idols now.

We saw numbers of the students at the University, very manly looking youths, and the time will come when Virginia will have able men in all her borders. She has the elements to make them, and she has need of them, and in the nature of things, the want will be supplied. Goldwin Smith says she is the most purely English of all the States, and perhaps he is right; though I had supposed Massachusetts was entitled to that distinction.

Between Charlottesville and Staunton lies the "Blue Ridge," a range of mountains extending parallel with the Alleghenies—some twenty or more miles from it—from the mountains of New York Southwestward to those of Alabama. I have no encyclopedia to refer to, but from memory hazard the statement. Between these two ranges lies one of the finest agricultural belts of land, and in this latitude one of the finest climates on the globe. But I will defer until another issue what I have further to say. D. N. L.

STAUNTON, April 4, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR:—Since my last communication to you, I have received a copy of your paper containing my letter of the 13th March, and was pleased to see the general accuracy with which you had translated it into types, for I am by no means oblivious of the difficulty of such a task.

I had a good laugh over one blunder. I don't in the least blame you, if it were you who did the mischief; but I shall attribute it to the *diabolical* part of your establishment, until proof to the contrary is presented. I had used an exceedingly common Latin phrase meaning liberally "more of the same sort," "*et id omne genus*," and when I saw it in types "*epidermis genus*," I considered myself served right. I am not sure that I ought not to let it pass without correction, thereby exciting the wonder of the learned, as to what profound meaning was hidden beneath it. The other mistake is not worth mention, and would be corrected by the intelligent reader as a slip of the types.

We were at the *foot* of the "Blue Ridge" in my last—a strip of country of fertility and beauty. I don't know its width all along the base of these mountains, hence called "*Piedmont*," meaning *foot of the mountain*. I do not know the altitude of these mountains. I imagine them less lofty and grand than the Alleghenies; but they are more beautiful in their graceful undulations, and there is a deep hazy-blue atmosphere always in fine weather hanging over them and coloring them with an indescribable softness and loveliness. In passing them, the Ohio & Chesapeake road skirts along the face of the ridges, broken into separate ranges of hills, here and there confronting and piercing a tunnel through some frowning "spur," now presenting to the enchanted view an amphitheater of valley extending far away, while to the right and left the hills appear in great variety of shapes and sizes, and in beautiful dress of "cerulean blue," which, like a gauzy veil, softens but does not obscure the scene. Altogether, it brought to my mind that sweet line of poor Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

We passed through four tunnels, one about a mile long, and all built handsomely. We descended from the Blue Ridge into the valley of Virginia, which is a lime-stone region, about twenty miles wide, and between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies. In going from Scranton to New York, we cross this very valley at Washington, N. J. I think Staunton is about equi-distant from the two ranges. I am told here that this is the poorest part of Augusta county. It is hilly and rocky, the crests of the lime rocks coming often above the surface, and everywhrre being thinly covered. Farther down the valley, towards Harrisonburgh, the country is very fine. Last Spring, Mr. Richmond and I came here in a carriage from Harrisonburgh, and were charmed with the beauty and fertility of the valley. It is very much like the same valley about Carlisle, in our own State.

Staunton is itself seated upon hills, and some of its finest residences are not less aspiring than Captain Brennan's, or even D. K. Morss', and the ascent is *more* abrupt—being practically inaccessible to vehicles with burdens. Beverly street, nearly a mile in length, might not be inaptly represented by the half of a hoop, *standing on its back*—if that expression be permissible. Of course, that is to be understood as a slight exaggeration; it is not quite a hemisphere, but "thereabouts." New street, which crosses Beverly, is but a quarter of the hoop, and Market the same, having a hill at one end only, but then, as Captain Cuttle would say, "it is a hill as is a hill." On one eminence, raised above "the city and drive," is a picturesque little villa, built and occupied by Rev. Dr. Sears, but a few years a resident. I believe he is connected in some way with the Insane Asylum here. He is a person of eminence, undoubtedly, as he is one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund. On another hill is a very tasteful and highly ornamented place of a merchant, and many others more or less pretentious and "too numerous to mention," unless it may be Mr. Stuart's. His is a regular old Virginian house, said to have been designed by Jefferson, who was an intimate friend of the present Mr. S.'s father. It has a gable front, and the roof and attic projects over and is supported by solid round columns. This is the old style of Virginian grandeur, and there are many buildings here of a similar character.

Mr. Stuart was long one of the influential men of Virginia, but he is left behind by the new order of events. His last appearance was as one of the "Committee of Nine," which

gave shape and form to the Conservative party, and elected Walker. Two at least of the other members of that committee live here—General Echols and J. B. Baldwin. I have only met the former, and he impressed me as an able man. I believe he is State Senator.

Staunton has four banks, I understand, and there are many fine business houses, and the people seem wide awake. There is no scarcity of lawyers, and they have a respectable look. I have made the acquaintance of several, and met with cordiality. Several dentists, and not a few of what my friend Col. Byrne calls "medical doctors." Three weekly newspapers, conducted with considerable spirit. Two fine, large hotels, and innumerable taverns and saloons, where the weary can rest and the thirsty drink. Strangers remark the excellence of the hotels. At the Virginia, about seventy-five sit at the dinner table. The fare is good, served up by attentive waiters in the present city style. Temporary lodgers pay three dollars per day; boarders, including fires, gas, &c., about eight dollars per week. The rooms are large and commodious, the furniture first-class, and the attendance of servants entirely satisfactory. We have pleasant company here. At our table, Mr. Crane and his wife and Mr. Rayburn and his wife are the steady table company, with an occasional stranger. Mr. Crane is from Vermont, and is the Assessor of this Revenue District, comprising eight counties; his wife is also a Vermonter. Mr. Rayburn is a "canny Scot," but reared in this country, served during the war, and married in Alexandria, Va., but his wife shares his intense loyalty. These are our special friends, though there are others who are very agreeable.

There is no lack of pleasant walks here. In any direction the scenery is pleasing, and you find fine places. Since we came here, we have generally had good weather, and no cold spells, so that on the common roads the walking has been dry. No snow, except on the morning of 17th March we found about two inches, which did not seem to have come to its proper destination, and slunk away as soon as possible. One morning the mercury marked at sunrise 18 degrees; generally it has been above the freezing point. Early shrubs begin to show their leaves, and the grass is sufficient for cattle. We have, in fact, escaped the months of March and April as they exhibit themselves at Carbondale. We have had a cold rain for the last forty hours, and it is still cloudy, but the walking on the railroad track is still good.

There is about a mile and a half from here a hill which towers above the others several hundred feet. They call it "Betsey Bell." It looks a little as if it belonged to one of the mountain ranges and had some doubt which, that never has been and never will be resolved, and therefore it inclines to neither, but looks with a patronizing air on both. "Betsey" is in full view from our window, and as the golden sunshine made her locks radiant with the morning rays, I resolved to climb to her airy heights. On a pleasant, cool day, I accomplished it easily. I ascended from the Western slope, traversed the entire peak, and descended to the East. The two ranges were distinctly visible from her crown, and to the eye the lines converged and seemed to close me in with mountains. You could discern the difference in color, but could see no gap. This, of course, is an illusion, the ranges being about twenty miles apart.

As I descended towards the North, the beautiful Union Cemetery, with the starry flag flapping its mournful requiem in the breeze, was almost at my feet. Here lie "Hunter's men," who died on his disastrous march on Lynchburg. It is in plain sight from the car windows, as you approach Staunton, and generally elicits the remark, "There lie the Yankees." But there, too, floats the symbol of the greatness and the grandeur of the mighty government which protects them from disturbance, and they lie there with the flowers growing over them, and beauty, and order, and neatness marking all the borders of their final resting-place, the special object of the protection of a grateful country.

I must reserve other subjects for another letter. Yours, D. N. L.

STAUNTON, April 23, 1870.

We have a bright and beautiful morning. The sun came up clear and resplendent, giving the promise of a really beautiful day, and inspiring within us a strong hope of a favorable Sunday. We spent a Sunday in Philadelphia

when it snowed, another it Washington when it was lowering and showery. Our next, in Staunton, was without absolute storm, but not a day of brightness; and since then, for four Sundays, we have had unmitigated rainy days, and we have come to expecting rain at those times as a thing of course. This morning is the first, for a week, of real promise, and we hope it may be an index for to-morrow.

This will probably be my last letter on this trip, and, perhaps, if, when you summon your typos to their duty in registering the "Virginia Correspondence," you shall whisper, "It is the last," they may jump into their places with an alacrity inspired by a hope of speedy relief.

Yesterday, at breakfast, a very unusual number of strangers appeared, many gray-haired, fine-looking men. On passing through the office, I was introduced by an old Virginia gentleman, to a tall gentleman with whom he was talking, as General Imboden, and then to many others, one of whom I was informed was a cousin of Commodore Maury's. I had some little conversation with General I.—told him I had read with interest some of his letters in the *New York Tribune*, and commended the spirit of them. He said that they were a fair statement of the feeling of three-fourths of the people of Virginia, as he fully believed from personal knowledge. He is at the head of an association to encourage and promote Northern immigration. My own observation would very much modify the General's idea. It seems to me this is the sentiment of Virginia: We are ruined by a war in which we ought to have succeeded. Our conquerors are hateful to us. We consider them greatly our inferiors in all manly qualities—nevertheless they are prosperous and have wealth, and we must control our repugnance from policy. This is the feeling, as it seems to me, of the bulk of the people. The men disguise it, and, indeed, the feeling with them wears off in reference to individuals whom they meet and find agreeable, so that it is not, in fact, very formidable. But with the female part of the community it is a settled principle. They hug it to their bosoms, and "roll it like a sweet morsel under the tongue." With them, Yankees are mean, sordid, selfish, and entirely unfit to "come between the wind and their nobility." This they will instil into the minds of their children, and it can easily be seen that a generation or two must come and go before the Northerners and themselves will become homogeneous. I did not, however, attempt to contravene the more hopeful views of General Imboden, who is really desirous to think himself in the right and probably does; but I think if he allowed himself to survey the whole field he would be constrained to admit the general accuracy of my view.

My idea, then, is, that one who goes to Virginia to "settle" must conduct himself in all things with a conscience void of offence. He must expect to give up the right conceded to every criminal on trial—"the benefit of the doubt." Constructions will be always adverse to him, and facts will be distorted to the same benevolent end. Nevertheless, if he be clearly right, and maintain himself with dignity and constancy, he will come out whole. But it is being tried as if with fire, and not many men can be always blameless. In business transactions the odds would be against him in every way. Witnesses would color their testimony. Judges insensibly would give way to some bias, and juries mix prejudice with evidence in making up a verdict.

So, with the physical advantages which Virginia is conceded to possess, this great country is not so small and other parts so poor as to make it desirable for a man to forego his equality in the social scale by throwing himself into a community so inhospitable. Rather turn towards those fertile plains where all are on a perfect equality of rights and privileges, and where each new comer is welcomed with delight, as an addition to the strength and wealth which is felt to be the sure result of great numbers.

I meant to have written somewhat of two State institutions which are located here, and, indeed, have the manuscript before me, but have concluded it is too long for publication. One is the Insane Asylum, which is quite full, having over four hundred inmates. It is a large and imposing brick building, or range of buildings, with a Grecian portico with massive columns, situated in fine grounds with handsome walks and drives. It is, however, closed in by hills, and cannot be seen from

any approach to the town until you are within a few rods.

The other is the combined institution for the deaf mutes and the blind. The buildings are similar in external style and finish and the grounds, but the situation is very much superior, and without having a very extensive view, excepting in the direction of the Blue Ridge, which it commands, it is the best one it could have in this peculiar locality. We have been very much gratified by a visit to this institution. The system, discipline, methods of instruction, and all pertaining to it, have interested us exceedingly, and filled us with wonder. We cannot doubt that in these benevolent objects Virginia has crowned herself with honor, and that she may fairly show hands even with Massachusetts, ever the first among her sisters in philanthropy. I cannot forbear to mention the interesting exercises of the chapel in this latter institution. Every Sunday, divine service is held at 3 P. M., about half a dozen ministers of churches alternating in conducting it. The blind are seated on one side of the chapel, in front of the minister, and on the other side the mutes, and in front of them stands Mr. Coval, the Principal. It seems, and indeed it is, a double congregation. The services are translated into mute language as the flow of words falls from the minister. It is worth a trip from Carbondale to witness it. The blind are very fully instructed in music, and have daily practice, open to the citizens. We have had much pleasure in attending their rehearsals.

Before closing, I wish to speak of my impression of the freedmen. If, with the white race in Virginia, every intendment is against the Northerner, with the colored Virginians the rule is the exact reverse. They believe in Northern people, and prefer employment and association with them, and I believe they are deserving of great trust. They seem willing to work, and gladly take employment even at about half Northern wages. The railroad company pays ninety cents a day, and makes no discrimination between white and black in wages at least.

At our hotel, where the servants are nearly all black, they are said to be faithful and trustworthy, and they are uniformly polite and attentive. I never saw them more so. We have found everything comfortable and agreeable. Our host is gentlemanly and attentive to all our wants, and we can say with confidence that any seeking recreation and enjoyment will find Staunton and the "Virginia" both well calculated to secure them.

D. N. L.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

KIRK BY KENDAL,
WESTMORELAND COUNTY, ENGLAND,
June 26, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER: This is our second stopping place since leaving Liverpool. From thence we sent an *Evening Express*, which contained an extended account of our voyage, from which I thought it not improbable the ADVANCE would condense an account which our numerous friends would find of interest. It was accurate and faithful, not in the least overstated as to the character of the noble ship or the incidents of the voyage.

We were crowded, but the ship is so large that we could spread ourselves and have plenty of room. Carbondale was not represented alone by us; another gentleman from that bustling little city was on board, accompanied by his son "Johnny." I was made aware of this on the evening previous, by meeting him on the Hoboken ferry-boat. He disembarked at Queenstown with a hundred others, but it was raining dismally and was early in the morning, and we changed the programme and came on to Liverpool.

We go from here to Carlisle in a few days, thence to Kelso, and thence to "Edinboro." We design now to go from Glasgow to Ireland, but our travel there will be limited. You will naturally ask our impression of England. We find the English landscapes very beautiful, and we have, so far, with slight exceptions, seen them at a disadvantage. The weather has been miserable; we have had but one pleasant day, though the sun is making an effort to have a look at things now. We tried for several days to stand it, but finally we ordered a fire, and have had it regularly; we consider it now the chief item in the bill of fare. They tell us that before we came the weather had been warm and dry, very warm, *they* say. As to that, we maintain a prudent reticence, knowing John Bull's disposition, as Mr. Inspector would say, to "argue"; yet our private opinion is that they do not know what warm weather is.

But to return. We find the face of the country, with its lawns, its meadows, its ploughlands, its hedges, its flowers, its trees, its hills and vales, its quaint and winding lanes, its halls, castles, churches, its farms, with houses and stables under the same roof, and its cities and towns, stoned up to the eyelids,—the whole surface of the mother earth being covered with a stony robe, so that she is panoplied over with rock. We find it all quite wonderful. We have seen ruins which Domesday Book describes as ruins when William the Norman lived, and they are so well preserved that the tooth of time may require dentistry before they will crumble under its assaults. According to tradition, the "donjon keep" of Lancaster castle, into whose chilling depths we descended, was hewn out of the solid rock nearly ten centuries before John the Baptist announced the coming of the Saviour. Yet this old castle, which was rebuilt by John of Gaunt, and has been added to at still later periods, is now in a good state of preservation, is used as the court house and prison for Lancashire. It is under charge of a governor, and is open to visitors on certain days of the week, on the written order of a magistrate.

Lancaster is a town of stone. The buildings are all stone, the floors on the ground are stone, and the most astonishing stone walls were put up in the most astonishing places about the yard. Such broad walls, such high walls, and such heavy, massive, solid and extraordinary walls, as if each man erected a succession of impregnable defences, expecting invasion. England can never be taken, if walls will save her, and I verily believe the Chinese wall, with all its extent and amplitude, would have to own to being a small affair in comparison. It is an unfailing source of wonder to me where the stones all come from,

what could have induced them, and whether they mean to stay. As to the first, are they one of the annual productions, being, so to speak, of vegetable origin, in a state of petrifaction, or was England an original stone-heap, and brought to the surface by getting the stones into walls?—that furnishing an answer to the second point, too, as to whether they mean to stay. On looking out of the window, I yield the point as an absurdity, and admit that there cannot be a doubt of it, for I cannot deny that their "language is plain" and to stay, that "implies" clearly enough.

Both Kendal and Lancaster may therefore be described, in a general sense, as towns of stone. All stone from floor to roof, including both, and except doors and windows and upper floors, all stone, and even the smallest outbuilding is of that same everlasting material. The plan of the towns are, without exaggeration, very similar to "Shanty Hill," irregular streets, lanes, alleys—winding, angling, narrowing suddenly and contracting at the most irregular places, and yet all kept very clean and sweet, with nothing to offend eye or nose, with contrasts of hovel and palace, the same neatness observable in both. All these things, so different from our former experiences, excite our interest and admiration.

The vehicles are in style and design quite different from ours, being heavy and clumsy, with wheels large enough for drays. The horses are stout and strong, with very large feet, a characteristic of the people also. You see many donkeys in carts, from which the occupants quite look down upon them, as with patient and thoughtful air they jog on their way.

The early daylight and long and late twilight evenings are noticeable. There is, in fact, now only about two hours of darkness during the entire day. At 10 o'clock it is quite light. The sun rises at 3:34 and sets at 8:18.

I have been this morning examining the ruins of Castle Kendal, about half a mile from the market-place. The walls are crumbled and fallen around the castle yard, but a portion of the living part of the edifice still stands. It is on a high hill, and made quite inaccessible by a deep fosse around the entire enclosure. The "donjon keep" or tower still stands, and we went into the basement cell, a frightful place of confinement. In this castle was born the last of Henry Eighth's wives, the matter of three or four hundred years ago.

The view from the castle height is not only a lovely but a very grand one, commanding the town, the adjacent country and fine mountain ranges, some of which are cultivated up to their summits, and others are wild and barren. But I must close. D. N. L.

CARLISLE, ENGLAND, June 29, 1871.

DEAR BROTHER: Your excellent letter of 15th inst. has the distinction of being the first news from home since we left it upon the 3d.

You have learned ere this of our change of programme as to route. We did not land at Queenstown and traverse Ireland first, but disembarked at Liverpool, and after a stay of two days there, seven each at Lancaster and Kendal, came on here to-day. Your letter was a grateful surprise, received just in the "nick of time," too, on the evening of the day before we left, and altogether came with such special speed and directness, that it somewhat militates against the ancient superstition that it bodes ill luck to first catch a view of the new moon over the left shoulder, for such had but a few days before been my experience.

In writing you a few days since, I mentioned the extraordinary use of stone in building in Lancaster and Kendal, and the fancy the people have for erecting walls wherever they could spare the ground to put one. Carlisle is different, brick predominating here. It is an important inland town on the Northern border of England, with exceedingly fine shops, and a busy, bustling population of about 30,000. It has a fine old castle, in a good state of preservation. We have not yet seen the interior, having employed the afternoon in a pretty thorough examination of the cathedral, for it is the seat of an episcopal see, and therefore meets the demand which, under old English laws, a city is obliged to possess. So that while Liverpool, with half a million of souls, is but a borough, other towns, with a few thousands, if they have a bishop, are cities. This is our first sight of a cathedral,

and of course we find it very grand; but I am not going to describe it. Its chief interest to me was and is that it contains the ashes of Paley. Besides the castle and cathedral, the statue of Pitt, which stands in the market-place, is of interest. There is also a statue of the Earl of Lonsdale, with an inscription which says he was a good man, and for a long time was Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland and Westmoreland, all of which I receive without discredit.

I shall try to-morrow to find a magistrate to beg an order on the governor of the castle to view the interior. An American gentleman has no difficulty in getting such an order, if he can get an audience, for our English cousins are not disobliging, and are just now amiably disposed toward us. With all, I find that, while the English people really think they have yielded over-much in the recent settlement of our national difficulties, they are glad to have the trouble buried as deep as "John Starman" was inclined to bury himself after his rejection by "Bella Wilfer."

I have had some very pleasant talks with Englishmen, not gentlemen according to the aristocratic conception of that term in this island, but gentlemen in my understanding, being intelligent and civil, and maintaining a high character as trades-people and commercial travelers. If I have seen any of the nobility, I have seen nothing to advise me of their social superiority, and I think perhaps we may fail entirely to meet with any of that order, knowing them to possess that distinction, at the time they pass under our vision. If I know when I am looking at a duke, marquis, earl, baron, or baronet, I shall take a good look at him, as one of the sights for which we have traveled so far.

Rambling about England is much pleasanter than with us. The public houses are conducted on a better plan. We are, for the time being, at home. Our table is strictly private. The dishes ordered are set on the table, my wife sits at the head and serves out tea or coffee, while I help out the meat, as if sitting at my own board. The servant retires from the room, except when needed. There is something very pleasant in this, and I do not hesitate to say it is, in my opinion, very greatly preferable to our method of entertaining the wayfarers.

Our next stopping-place will be Glasgow, I think, though I have had some disposition to go by way of and stop at Dumfries.

I am writing now at a window looking East from Graham's Commercial Hotel, and the time is fifteen minutes before 9 P. M., and it is a cloudy evening, too, yet there are no signs of fading light. Such are the twilights here. A few degrees North, at this season of the year, the sun is visible at midnight, and its light is visible throughout above twenty hours of the day.

I shall leave room to add a few lines after our next move.

GLASGOW, July 1st.

We reached here last night, and found letters from home awaiting us, which, although of earlier date than yours, were joyfully received and read.

We saw the castle at Carlisle, a grim old fortress, with much about it to take one back to former times, and to suggest reflections of satisfaction at the progress of civilization.

D. N. L.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, July 16, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER: My last to you, and through you to the many friends who will be glad to hear from us, and to whom we cannot write specially, was sent from Carlisle, over two weeks ago. On the same day we took train direct for Glasgow, stopping, on the recommendation of Mr. Robertson, at the "Waverly." After three or four days, we found in furnished lodgings on George Square a house that we shall leave with reluctance, for the situation is delightful, our rooms pleasant and well furnished, and our landlady civil and obliging. I wish we could introduce this pleasant method of living on the other side of the Atlantic.

Glasgow is a plain, substantial town, with solid and generally good buildings, with little external ornamentations. The recent census places it ahead of Liverpool, and it is thus the second city in the empire. It has shipping lines to every part of the world. It carries on ship-building perhaps more extensively in its vicinity than in any other seaport in the king-

dom. Its manufactories in cotton and woolen and iron are immense, and, of course, its population is made up very largely of laboring people. Paisley, so celebrated for its shawls, Greenock for its ship-yards, and Motherwell and adjacent towns on the South, where the track of the Caledonian railway runs for miles between furnaces whose chimneys belch forth flames continually, all contribute to the hum of increasing industry which surrounds and permeates this city. The trade of the city, as exhibited in its busy streets, has an appearance superior to that of Liverpool. Its shop windows are exceedingly attractive, and its supplies of the needs of men are rich, abundant, and reasonable. Any want in your wardrobe, both male and female, can readily be met at the first call in dozens of places. Not "slop work," but as perfect as if ordered. But I must not detain you longer on this subject.

As to the sights, we have seen all the objects of general interest in the city, but have had such bad weather since we have been here, that we have made but one excursion—to Ayr. The cathedral is a wonder in itself, both in design, it being a church built in 1175, and a few hundred years later another built over it, so as to be really two entire churches on the same ground. Scott, in his Rob Roy, refers to this feature, and makes the lower church a place for a thrilling scene. An official went with us behind the huge pillar where Rob was concealed, and pointed out the position of Bailie Nicol, as he with his fellow bailies descended the stairway, and pulled off his hat to signal Rob. The windows are really surpassingly beautiful, and many thousand pounds have been expended by the nobility and gentry of Scotland recently upon them, each family having a window assigned to it for a memorial, on which is emblazoned the arms and motto, with such Scriptural scenes as they select.

The Necropolis is a grand cemetery; originally a rude, misshapen rock, it has been worked into shapes of beauty, and monuments innumerable of costly and various designs are arranged around. An imposing monument to the Scottish Reformers and martyrs crowns the summit, and from its lofty height the stony form of John Knox looks down upon the cathedral and the city as if he were placed there to keep watch and ward over its spiritual interests.

The plain service of the Presbyterian Church seems somewhat in contrast in the gorgeous old cathedral, but such is history. John Knox and his compeers broke the power of the Roman Church in Scotland, and made the Presbyterian faith and form the *Established Church*.

There are several statues in that city, the finest of which is that of Walter Scott, on George Square, which is colossal in size, and surmounts a handsome shaft, I should think a hundred feet high. An equestrian statue of the Queen is on the right, and a companion one of Albert on the left, each about a hundred feet distant. In front of it, at each side of the main promenade, bisecting the square, are standing effigies of Sir John Moore, "with his martial cloak," &c., and General Lord Clyde, natives of Glasgow. On another corner is a statue of Watts, sitting and pondering over that yet undiscovered secret of the power of steam, while on another corner is Robert Peel, looking the statesman and orator. Besides these, an equestrian statue of Wellington stands in front of the Royal Exchange, and one of William Third is either in Argyle street or the Trom Gate. Others I know there are, but I do not bear them in mind.

As I before remarked, we made an excursion to Ayr. It ought and under favorable circumstances would have been delightful out, but it was uncomfortable, to say the least. The "Bonnie Doon," our boat, was full of passengers, all of whom might have been comfortable if the Irish Sea had not stirred up their bile. As it was, the less said is, perhaps, the best way of disposing of the subject. The people here speak of it as "a nasty little sea." What the sea says, or what it would say, of the people, I am at no loss to imagine, after our little experience. Out of deference to our being recent voyagers on the Atlantic, we were spared to a painful consciousness of the pangs of others. A hundred people sea-sick at once!

We had but two hours at Ayr, and I made diligent use of them. I succeeded without delay in getting a hack to take us out to the Cottage and Monument, the "Auld Kirk" and

the "Brig of Doon." We saw the humble little cot where Scotland's sweetest bard first saw the light. It has been preserved so as to be the same. One wee window, with small panes, four in number, and altogether not more than equal to a 10x12 light, fixed in the wall and not arranged to open, admitted the light of day. The old rude dresser, where the gude wife washed her dishes, is still there. It was difficult to realize that we were in the midst of those very scenes so sweetly immortalized on the very "banks" of "Bonnie Doon." The country is beautiful, indeed. We rode back to Ayr, stopping at Wallace's tower, scarcely less interesting than the spot we had left, and at the little easy old shop where Tam O'Shanter drank his ale, the chairs used on that occasion still preserved, and the cups, &c. We had just passed over the ground which he traversed with Meg on that night when his head, so wild with the revel, conjured up a fearful phantasy of witches and bogles in pursuit.

Before closing my letter, I must mention a trip which I made to Dublin, leaving my companions in their comfortable quarters, for they could not bear again to tempt the angry topings of the Irish Sea. I took the cars to Greenock, about twenty miles down the Firth of Clyde, and thence the steamship Buffalo to Belfast, and the cars again to Dublin, which is about 138 miles distant. The weather was rainy and dreary, and everything appeared to disadvantage. The country is a very fine one, but I fancied I could see the evidences of the neglect caused by the unfortunate fact that the owners of the soil habitually absent themselves from their estates. If I were the owner of an estate in that beautiful island, which enjoys a much finer climate than England, I think I would make it the place of my residence and strive to improve the beauties which Nature has bestowed with a generous hand.

I must reserve a fuller statement of my impressions for another letter. The rain here greatly interfered with our enjoyment. For eighteen days, we have not had one without, although parts of many have been tolerably pleasant.

But I must stop. We are in good health and spirits. We leave to-morrow for Loch Lomond, the Kyle of Bute, Oban, Inverness, &c. With many kind regards to the ADVANCE and its readers, D. N. L.

INVERNESS, SCOTLAND, July 25, 1871.

DEAR BROTHER: My last letter intended for general perusal was written a couple of weeks ago from Glasgow. We left there on the 17th inst., and after two days' sail through the mountains, seeing mile after mile recede as we glided swiftly over the waters, the abrupt sides of the hills presenting little variation, ever rising from the water's edge to heights seemingly inaccessible to the human foot. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day we suddenly broke from the mountain system into a valley of loveliness and beauty, which seemed by contrast to surpass the loveliness of Nature and to belong to the Elysium. In the distance, the tall spires of Inverness met our view, while in the foreground a fine pile of buildings was announced as a lunatic asylum.

It is one of the finest landscapes we have seen on the island. There is just enough of mountain to give piquancy to the view, and the clear and swift flow of the Ness, with its pebbly bottom, bisecting the town, and a fine suspension bridge, about one hundred and fifty feet long, with elevated abutments, altogether are very striking. The town is well built, the streets and alleys, for an ancient burgh, very regular, the buildings good, with elegant shops, &c. There is a handsome Arcade market, well stocked with needful things, and, as is the case generally, fine *station* buildings. "Depot" is not in use here. Several banks, a new and splendid cathedral, and of churches no lack. In all Scotch towns I have yet never been out of sight of a church.

On a high hill, central in the town, is a grand castle renowned, since it was 800 years ago the scene of "a deed without a name," if we are to accept Shakespeare as authority. History, though, asserts that Duncan was overthrown in fair fight, by one as noble as himself, and of equal power with the Scottish people.

I do not know what the population of the place is, but from appearances would say about 20,000. A large number of handsome houses of her opulent citizens are situated in a new part, called the "Hill," and they exhibit much

taste and refinement. The city is governed by a provost and bailies, equivalent to mayor and aldermen. We have made the acquaintance of one of the bailies, a gentleman of suavity and fine intelligence, with whose aid my wife was enabled to find the tombs of her family, for more than a hundred years ago, in the old chapel burying-ground. A new cemetery, about a mile to the West, on the top of a high wooded hill, is exceedingly fine, and presents a wide view, including Beauley Loch and Moray Firth, which is a part of the German Ocean, and is by the Caledonian canal united with the waters of the Irish Sea at Carpach, near Fort William.

We left Glasgow with a crowd of passengers, I should think over three hundred in the cabin and seven hundred in steerage. Other boats seemed equally full, and every landing-place was overcrowded. We were astonished, and could not account for it, but an intelligent young gentleman, with whom we had made a traveling acquaintance, explained it all to us. It was Glasgow on a universal pic-nic. Our route was down through the Firth of Clyde, then along the Eastern shores of the island of Bute, up through a narrow and dangerous strait called the Kyles of Bute, around the Northern point and down its Western shore, about half its length to and round the promontory in the mainland, which separates the waters to the West of the island from Loch Fine, thence Northward up Loch Fine to Ardrishaig, where we left the same, taking instead a canal-boat on the Crinan. We sifted out our fellow-passengers pretty thoroughly before reaching this point, having not over a hundred left. The ride across Argyle, six or seven miles, was like a ramble in the fields, and for a mile or so, while the boat was looking down to the open sea on the West, we strolled along the banks. Arrived at Crinan, we embark on the "Chevalier," and for a few hours had a succession of squalls which tossed us about in a very lively way, and made dinner, which occurred on this part of our passage, not only acceptable, but diverting. The most serious circumstance connected with the rough weather was the loss of her hat by our little girl. It went off in a whirl of the wind, and soon found a watery grave. We caught a glimpse of it once or twice, as the tossing waves surged over it; but we sped on swiftly, and it was lost to our view, not without a shudder at the association it suggested. Passing the vale of Glencoe, famous as the scene of one of the most heartless and treacherous massacres known to history, we made harbor at Carpach at 9 o'clock, and disembarking, we were crowded into two huge omnibusses, and whirled away over a splendid road to Banavie, where, at the very foot of Ben Nevis, we slept till morning. I awoke with the sun streaming in at our window, and thinking of Byron's lines:

> "The mists around the mountains curled
> Melt into light, and morn awakes the world."

But on looking out I saw it was only through a rift in the clouds the sun was shining, and his grateful beams were soon lost. The sides of Ben Nevis only could be seen perhaps for two thousand feet, leaving his snowy crest high above the clouds. Before we lost sight of him, however, we could see the top of a crest eleven hundred feet below the highest peak, while a darker shade in the bank of clouds marked the dim outline of the heights above. Along the sides, in sheltered spots, lay banks of snow, and mountains closed us in on either side, leaving only the narrow track of the canal. During the day there was little variation in the scenery. Occasionally a farm-house was seen on some slight table, and a deep glen broke the mountains with a cavern-like opening. Wherever the sides of the mountains were covered with herbage would be seen sheep grazing, looking like mere specks of white in the distance, for wild and barren as this country looks, it is covered with these useful animals, and the shepherds are a thriving population.

We expect to return next week to Glasgow, stopping at Glencoe one day. Our next move will be to Edinburgh, where we design to stay until after 9th August, when Scott's centenary is to be observed with imposing ceremonies. From Edinburgh, we will visit Stirling and Perth, Melrose, Kelso, &c., and then make our way to London. The guide-books say of Inverness that it is the capital of the Northern Highlands, and there is a great mercantile house which makes a specialty of Highland

costumes. You will see occasionally in Glasgow a person in the Highland dress, and it excites no attention. Here in Inverness, though not the prevailing, it is quite a common habit. I have tried to like it, but it comes to me too late in life, and excites about the same disgust that the gaudy costumes of our Western Indians did, when some three years ago we spent a few days among them. It is a relic of savage days, and unfit for the times in which we are privileged to live, when clothing is plenty and cheap, and one is not from necessity obliged to turn his legs out into the naked air, while he adorns his head with "nodding plumes" and wears at his side an enormous dagger, bedizened with pearls or jewels enough to buy him pantaloons for a life-time. No! The glory of the Scottish people would be of little worth if it had no better foundation than its clinging to ancient costumes, or even its wars and its fightings, wherein the gallantry of a Wallace and a Bruce redeems its general current of treachery, revenge and atrocity. Its philosophers, its historians, its men of science, its divines and its poets, with its solid, substantial, sensible people, unaffected and sincere, they are its real glory, and in this respect Scotland has been, is, and will be a power in the world.

At Inverness, our extreme North point, some seventeen degrees North of Carbondale, we noticed the extreme length of the day, when the sun seemed to *rise yesterday and set to-morrow*, as an Irishman might say, when the sun would rise about two hours before daylight and set two hours after dark. We were sometimes absorbed in reading and writing, and surprised to find it ten o'clock before we noticed a failure of light, but the air is apt to be darkened by clouds, and the light does not advance rapidly in the morning or fade away in the evening, so that six o'clock in general appearance is the same as nine.

It has been rain, rain, rain, during the seven weeks we have been here. Yet the rains have not made the weather intolerable, as it would with us. The rain-fall, though considerable, is not excessive; the showers are so gentle, it is like a sort of weeping weather, no great and violent torrents, such as flood our streets and sweep everything before them. The country is not made wet either, for a few hours dries everything up, and it looks fresh and pleasant. A dry day is a great rarity. It is remarkable what a mild climate they have here. The Ness, which is a swift but smooth river, never freezes. It is a rare thing for the temperature to rise over 65 degrees in summer, and I judge that the sunshine is always grateful, at least to us it has been so. We habitually shun the shady side of the street, and covet the sunbeams.

We visited the battle-field in Culloden Moor, where the Stuarts received their final overthrow, a hundred and twenty-five years ago. It is about six miles West of the town, on quite rugged and uneven ground, and an old stone tower, now occupied as a farm-house, marks the Eastern boundary of the field.

Our letters addressed to London were forwarded to us at Inverness, with a despatch unknown "at home." The English post is excellent, and it would be well if the "Universal Nation" would learn from her rival a lesson in this service, which, judging from the slight observation that seven weeks have afforded, is *much in advance.*

Many things, too, could be learned in regard to management of railways, and the treatment of the public. While in some respects they are perhaps behind, from the national conservatism of character, yet a stranger meets with more aid and is less liable to embarrassments than with us. He is sure of civility, and is never answered rudely by small officials, whose idea of their own importance suggests the need of great humility in approaching them. While your baggage here is not checked, and you may feel nervous about it, you soon acquire confidence, for as soon as you step from the car a porter in uniform inquires most respectfully if you have baggage, and taking your hand, says he will go with you to the "luggage van," get it out and deliver it to a cabman, or store it for you until you want it, and he only expects "tup-pence" for his pains, and will not ask for that. A regulation of the company forbids gratuities, but they are given by gentlemen generally, and though a breach of orders, is winked at.

At great stations, like Carlisle, I noticed there are employed over sixty porters, whose whole duty is in attending to baggage. Cab

fares are moderate, and drivers comparatively a mild and courteous race, and do not seem so much like beasts of prey as those of the new world. Altogether, traveling is less laborious, less annoying, and less expensive than in America. When we stop a week or more in a place, we take furnished apartments, at a cost of say $1 per day, though that is the highest we have been charged. This secures good bed-rooms and a parlor, and the services of the landlady in cooking and other attendance required. You have the choice of doing your own marketing, or giving your landlady an order for what you want, and handing her the money to pay for it, which she will faithfully execute. Your table is spread in your own parlor, and everything is as home-like as it could be made under the circumstances. But it is time to close. Yours, cordially, D. N. L.

EDINBURGH, August 6, 1871.

Dear Brother: When we left home, you know, we designed landing at Queenstown and making a very thorough tour of Ireland. In the sequence of things it became manifest that we would make the coast in the night and have to disembark very early in the morning, and we began to doubt whether we had not better go on to Liverpool.

As we supposed, early on Monday morning, June 12th, the great engines of our ship, whose throbs had been like the heart-beats of "a thing of life," and had been as regular and as constant as our own pulsations, ceased, and I could discern the dim outlines of the hills of Queenstown harbor. The morning was rainy and cold, and the sea was rolling heavily, so that we no longer hesitated, but acquiesced in what seemed a providential intimation to stick to the ship.

We thought it would be a very short trip to Ireland from Glasgow, and that we would go from there. Before the time we had appointed to be there, we took the excursion boat to Ayr, of which I spoke in a former letter, and it proved so unpleasant that my companion could not summon courage enough to dare again the turbulence of the Irish sea, and it was decided that I should go alone. So I embarked from Greenock, twenty miles down the Frith of Clyde, on the steamship Buffalo, a staunch and beautiful ship in the British regular line of the royal mail boats, and secured a good berth in a state-room for the night. We left Greenock at nine p. m., and next morning, at about five o'clock, were running up the harbor of Belfast. Disembarking, I had two hours and upwards to get my breakfast and see the town.

I found the town a fine one. Steamers came in from Liverpool, Holyhead, and several other points while I was there, and quite a display of shipping was in the harbor. I noticed one large ship-yard, and the hull of a new steamer on the stocks, and learned that there were extensive machine shops where ship engines were built of the first-class. It is the third city in Ireland. Its streets and fine thoroughfares and its public buildings are tasteful and stately. The squares are adorned by statues in several instances, and the evidences of good government are unmistakeable. Like all towns I have visited here, the police are a select and fine-looking body, and are well distributed about public places, some being always present at places were travelers arrive and depart. The churches were more than respectable. Among them I noticed two Presbyterian churches, better by far than any I met in England,

Soon after taking the train for Dublin it began to rain, and my ride was through the rain for the whole distance, nearly 140 miles. Everything looked green and fresh—the crops very good—but the hay, which seems to have been recently cut in large quantities, much of it in huge swaths, that looked almost like winrows, was soaking wet, and it seemed to me it must be rendered worthless. It seemed a great sacrifice, for it is the predominant crop. The yield I never saw equaled. I think I saw no machine mowing and fancy it does not prevail here. The tillage I should think skillful, though somewhat affected by the uncertainty of tenure, and differing from ours by the conditions of labor and those pertaining to climate and soil. I saw peas, oats, barley, wheat, turnips, and

of course, potatoes. They all looked exceedingly well.

I passed through Newry, Drogheda, and several other towns, some of which, in their streets and habitations, suggested Shanty Hill; but it was only in the general aspect of irregularity, and the design to obtain a place of shelter with but little outlay. Cottages of mud and sticks, with low doors and no windows, thatched roofs, old and weather-stained, and not unfrequently moss-covered; but there was no appearance of absolute poverty or squallor, such as some parts of the country are said to exhibit.

It rained as we entered Dublin, and my first view of that really fine city was under the disadvantage of its being in the bedrizzled condition which a rainy day always imposes, and which more or less provokes your animadversions, until fine weather brings it 'round again to a better presentment of its merits. So it was in this case, as I walked up towards Nelson monument. Seen from the moment you leave the depot, the rain dripping from eaves, from awnings, lamp-posts, umbrellas; carts lumbering and carriages driving along through the muddy streets; women holding up their wet skirts, children with hatless heads, shoeless feet and coatless backs, in numbers almost countless, encumbering the walks, and with the general rush of humanity preliminary to the thoroughfare of a great city, all in a state of discomfort, I was not inclined to consider Dublin the pleasantest place in the world. Arrived at the hotel and sitting down to a capital dinner, which included some potatoes about as good as I ever saw, simply boiled in their "jackets," my reflections assumed a more lenient color, and I was prepared to look with mild forbearance on the condition of things outside. The rain, however, continued two mortal days, and as I left Ireland before it ceased, I cannot testify from knowledge personal to myself that it ever does anything else there. In that respect it is no worse off than England and Scotland, for in six weeks on this island I have never but once known one fair day to follow another, and but five days altogether without rain. The temperature seldom gets over 60 degrees, but is remarkably uniform. We have fire in our room habitually, but others do not need it, and we are frequently greeted with the remark, "Very warm," which has ceased to surprise us. We are double clad in woolens, and then when in boats, where the wind is fresh, have to use extra clothing.

But to return to Dublin. It is really a very fine city, with spacious streets and squares, handsome statues, and a noble park. Any encyclopedia will furnish a good description of it, and mine, if given, would be very imperfect, so I refer any one to whom my visit may incline to know more about it, to pursue the subject in a safer and certainly better way. I must content myself by saying that I visited the University, the Parliament House, (now the Bank of Ireland), the Cathedral, Exchange Castle, &c. The thing that impressed me most was the statue of Goldsmith, which stands on the right as you enter the University grounds. It looks the Goldsmith of my thoughts, which I cannot say of any other.

I am under obligations to Mr. Robertson, among other things, for a letter to Messrs. O'Reilley, Dunn & Co., which secured me much polite attention, and enabled me to see things easier and better. Mr. Dunn showed me a letter ordering patterns of poplin for the Princess Louise and Her Majesty, the first white, the other black, and each twenty yards, which, considering their income and state, is not, I think, extravagant. The cost was, I believe, 10s. 6d. sterling, $2.62 federal money. I followed their example, but in a republican spirit, taking a cheaper quality and a less pattern. The distinction of being appointed poplin-maker to Her Majesty is really not so immense as to our republican eyes it would seem at first sight. It is common enough to claim such eminence, and you may see at every step as you walk through the spacious streets and squares of Dublin, the royal arms, with the words, "By special appointment, purveyors to Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales." No doubt, many of our Carbondale friends have heard Col. Byrne's story, told with great gusto and an extra pinch, about the sign of the bug exterminator, who claimed to have a royal commission to ply his vocation in behalf of Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen.

I returned to Belfast in a train called the "Limited Mail," the fastest train on British roads, stopping only thrice in the whole distance, and making the run in three hours and twenty minutes. A day boat for Glasgow was in readiness, and within twenty minutes we were steaming down the harbor, and at about 7 o'clock landed at the Greenock pier. Here I took the Glasgow train, and soon was at the station in Glasgow.

The rain continued throughout the entire passage, and in passing "Ailsa Craig" we could see only dimly for a little way up the sides, the top being in a dense fog. We had a good view of the West coast of Arran, however, and a smooth passage, although it was "heavy weather."

The principal part of the foregoing was written in Glasgow, before our trip to the Highlands, but being unfinished, was laid aside to be completed at a convenient season, which has only just occurred. I forwarded, I think, from Inverness, some account of our Northern journey. Since then we returned to Glasgow, came on from there to Edinburgh, where we have been a week, and will still remain a week more, making several excursions in the meantime, and then we go Southward.

I do not pretend to add much to any one's geographical or historical knowledge by the hasty observations of a stranger, in these letters, but I write with the hope of giving our numerous personal acquaintances pleasure, in thus hearing of some of the incidents of our travels.

P. S.—Please notify correspondents to address me, care Brown, Shipley & Co., Bankers, London. D. N. L.

EDINBURGH, August 14, 1871.

Dear Brother: It is with diffidence I write my crude observations, for I think them of little value. I know the very general desire of friends to hear from us, and I am willing to gratify their wishes in this way, while I feel that my hastily formed views are open to criticism by those who know better than I the state of matters here. The whole ground here, however, is covered by the descriptions in tourist books, and the attentive traveler may refer to his guide-book and settle any doubt as to his accuracy of statement about any material fact. I have never purposed to describe the country, its cities, towns, castles, &c., but simply to sketch the incidents of travel as pleasingly as I could.

Scotland is a touring ground over which the never-ceasing throng of restless travelers pass to and fro, with their eyes open to everything of interest; and the people, alive to the spirit of the occasion, are all *posted* as to the merit of the various objects which go to make up the stock in trade. There is a vast amount of money in it, and during the touring season the public conveyances, the public houses, the trades-people who deal in fancy articles, the cabs and the porters, the newsboys and the bootblacks, are all interested, and the rest of the community are indirectly so, in magnifying the fame of this, that and the other locality, and you feel that you must see it before you go. But one tires of wonders even, and a constant tension of mind in one direction, even if it be in the direction of pleasure, in seeing things which you have "long desired," is irksome. You sometimes feel as if you would be willing to wait your allotted time, and "die without the sight."

However, like the appetite for food, which seems sometimes to have "clean gone forever," a little time renews it, and you start out again with a keen relish. I think that perhaps the pleasure derived from retrospect, when we can sit down on a winter evening by our own fireside—which coming event even now casts its warm gleams before the imagination—and discuss the incidents which we are weaving into the web of our lives now, we shall enjoy them more than we can do in the actual present.

Our Creator made us in such wise that the little annoyances which worry and fret us as we go along the pathway of life are forgotten speedily, while all that refreshes and pleases is fixed; thus the pleasures of memory are really more delightful than those of enjoyment. So we freight ourselves with an imported cargo, and when we get out to sea we will have time, we trust, to stow away everything "shipshape."

This city is beautifully situated, with wide and clean streets in the new town, handsome buildings, fine churches, and many monuments; with a wondrous castle, wherein many dark and treacherous deeds, as well as some noble ones, have been done, situated centrally in the city, on the rough rock which rises perpendicularly save one side hundreds of feet; and above all else in interest, the Palace of Holyrood, wherein the rooms occupied by Darnley and the unfortunate Mary are still kept substantially as when so occupied, is by far the most replete with interest of anything we have yet seen. To describe it is beyond my powers or my limits. You must resort to the encyclopedias if your interest is sufficiently awakened to pursue the subject, and there you will find excellent descriptions.

John Knox's grave is a few feet from the walls of St. Giles' Cathedral, in the open street, with a tablet about the size of a half-bushel bottom, of thick stone, for it is driven over by carriages; the simple letters "J. K." are inscribed. Not more than fifty yards on another side of the cathedral, in the centre of the side-walk on High street, is marked, by working in stones of different colors into the pavement, a heart; this is the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and is where the Talbooth stood. On another side the old cross of Edinburgh, carried off by the Puritan Mob, is fixed in the ground, having been restored after many years. Then there still stands Knox's house, down the "Netherbow," with its quaint devices and inscriptions. And there are these ancient "closes," so different from anything in our towns, dark, narrow, steep, dismal, and foul beyond description. Once the residence of the aristocracy of Scotland and their retainers, now filled with a squallid crowd of humanity, whose wickedness and wretchedness are convertible terms.

To add to the picturesqueness of an Edinburgh crowd, a plentiful sprinkling of gaudily-dressed Highland soldiers, two regiments of whom garrison the castle, are always to be seen. They have a wonderful fondness for personal display, and from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet are bedizened with ornamental rags, excepting the knees, which are left bare. They are very fine-looking fellows, and are splendidly drilled. I saw them in the Queen's Park, when on a recent occasion the Duchess of Sutherland presented the 93d a flag, and their movements were beyond praise.

I also visited the Register office, and, as a special favor, was taken to examine the royal archives, and saw papers or rather parchments, of all Scotland's monarchs from Malcolm Conmor's time, and several much more ancient, running back nearly a thousand years. I have spoken since to several gentlemen about it, and was surprised that none had seen them. The writings are the work of priests, who were the only "clerks." The monarchs and nobles attached their seals only, not being able to write. Even so late as the fourth Douglas "Old Bell the Cat" is made by Sir Walter to

> "Thank Heaven, no boy of mine,
> Save Gawin, e'er could write a line."

I do not remember that any sovereign down to the first James signed his name, and he did it indifferently. Francis and Mary signed a document, and Mary made some testamentary arrangements in her own proper hand. Among the parchments of the olden time, many have the seals of the king and nobles attached to the instrument on a long, narrow strip of parchment, and hanging from it like a rough fringe, the seal being a lump of wax at the bottom with the device of the house it represented.

By the way, this being the centenary year of Scott, a large number of his writings and other personal relics were collected and exhibited here, all of which we have seen. The observance of the day was less interesting than I had expected. The street decorations were not specially fine, and it seemed rather tame. Among the flags I felt gratified to see due honor accorded to the Stars and Stripes. It played as freely in the Scotch breezes and looked as jauntily as if it had royalty behind it. It would not do for the hotels to ignore the Universal Yankee, for he is a host among the tourist tribe, helping mightily in cleaning out the larder and filling the till.

August 15th.—Returning through High street from the old Tran Church, we met Mr. Butler, of Louisville, who was a fellow-passenger on the Oceanic, and one whom we had become intimate with. His was the first

familiar face we had seen since leaving Liverpool. He had been to Italy, France, Prussia and Switzerland, to London and to several places in Scotland, and is to sail in the Atlantic on the 28th. He has just breakfasted with us, and is off with other friends to London this morning. We have rooms in same ship secured for her next trip, which is to be September 28th, but little more than a month now, and yet our work is scarcely commenced. We have the satisfaction, however, of having made haste slowly, and of getting a more thorough impression of what we have seen.

We have not shared the impression of that countryman of ours who was afraid while in England to go out after dark, fearing he might step off. Great Britain does not look small in our eyes. We feel as if years might be spent in travel through her borders, and while we love our own country best, and believe in her high destiny, it is more than folly to depreciate the wonderful greatness of the people who inhabit this island and make it the pith and marrow of an empire on some part of which the light of day is perpetual. They are proud and haughty—more the pity; but it is not for us to pluck the mote from our brother's eye, lest we be assured "Thou first," &c. The eagle spreads his wing and screams as discordantly as the lion roars. Modesty is sorely wanted on both sides of the Atlantic, and I trust is growing into our civilization under the auspices of a common faith and a common language. Although we came here strangers, without introduction, we have met with kind attentions, and even direct invitations. We have made some friends whom we feel will not soon forget us, and whom we do not mean to forget, and the time may come in this life when we may reciprocate their kindness on our side of the Atlantic.

To-morrow we design going to Hawthornden and Roslyn Castle and Chapel. The first was the home of the poet Drummond, and the latter is celebrated as the place near which the "Lovely Rosabelle" met her death in the wild sea waves. They are in the valley of the Esk, two miles apart, and the walk from Hawthornden to Roslyn is said to be charming.

On Thursday, we propose to leave Edinburgh, going to Melrose, where we shall stop long enough to visit the Abbey and to ride to Abbotsford, a few miles to the west, and Dryburgh Abbey, a few miles to the east, where repose the remains of Scott.

Resuming our southward journey, we go to Durham, the seat of a "See" in the English Church. After a brief stay here, we go to York, which is the seat of an Archbishop; and our present intention is to make a stay of a week there, and then go to London, possibly stopping at Peterborough. Warwick, Kenilworth and Stratford-on-Avon we take in our route from London to Liverpool. D. N. L.

York, August 22, 1871.

Dear Brother: Shortly before dispatching my last letter, we had visited Stirling, and, fresh from scenes so full of historical memories, I felt like then recording our impressions; but my letter was already long enough, and I feared would be wearisome.

Our visit was made more agreeable by having an acquaintance there—a Mr. Robert Ogilvie, who had been a fellow-traveler among the Highland lakes, and who had given me his card and obtained our promise to call on him when we should go to Stirling. The day proved fair, and the ride by rail, some thirty miles, was pleasant, and varying our life for the past few days, which had been quietly spent in urban rambles. We passed over the track on which we had come from Glasgow for some twenty-five miles, to Polmont Junction. About nineteen miles brought us to Linlithgow, where is an old royal palace, the birthplace of Mary. It is now in ruins, but the walls stand, giving a pretty good idea of what it was in its palmy days. A few miles farther we passed Falkirk, which has witnessed more than one battle, and between this and Polmont the track cuts the old Roman wall thrown up by the invincible legions that followed Julius Cæsar the First. At Polmont, we left the Glasgow track, turning north. Tarbet was soon reached and passed, and we were rapidly approaching Bannockburn.

Bannockburn! How the blood quickened its flow, and what a thrill of delightful remembrance, as we were carried back and saw, as the field—a beautiful plain—burst

upon our view, the gallant Bruce at the head of his small but determined band—small in comparison with the host of England which confronted them. Scarcely could they hope for victory, but they meant at least to die free. The immortal genius of Burns has done more, if possible, than the equally immortal valor of Bruce, in inspiring posterity with the glory of Bannockburn. How grandly the poem opens:

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory!"

How the words rung through my nerves as I looked abroad over that still and beautiful field, and carried my mind back to—

"Now 's the day and now 's the hour,
See approach proud Edward's power,"

while the Scots, marching to "do or die" in the sacred cause of human liberty, "for Scotland's king and law," stood firm as her hills and rocks. Never did men more worthily, and never was gallantry and devotion to country more worthily commemorated. Wallace and Bruce and Burns! If Scotland had none beside, these would make her glorious among the nations.

We were soon at Stirling, and leaving my party at a hotel, I went in search of my friend, whom I soon found at his house, in a pleasant part of the town, in full view of the castle, which "towered upon a rock." We were invited to our friend's house for a preparatory collation, and then set out with him to climb the castle steep. This was no small job, but by persevering labor we reached one terrace and then another, and after doubling several times on our track and continually going up—up—we at length attained the summit, and entered the chapel burying-ground. We rested here, and examined some of the ancient tombs, which are in themselves very curious to an American. We then entered the castle gates, where sentinels paced to and fro, but we were unchallenged. We procured a guide, a soldier of the garrison, an Englishman, but he repeated the formula with cool impartiality as to where Bruce dug the pits which engulphed the English cavalry, and where the camp followers at a critical moment showed themselves and struck a panic into the already wavering columns of the English, who thought it another army. This was, of course, while pointing to the battle-field, which was full in view. The view to the north and west is exceedingly beautiful. The "Heading Hill" is immediately outside the castle walls. At your feet and beyond is the "Carse of Stirling," a stretch of low country, fertile and beautiful with fields of waving grain, turning yellow under the summer sun; the winding Forth, with the Bridge of Allan; Wallace's tower, the Ochill hills, and the Frith itself off to the east, where lies, too, the field of Bannockburn. We made the tour of the castle, which up to and including James V., was the residence of the Stuarts. He was the "James Fitz James" of song, and tradition has still many incidents of his life in preservation. We were in the Douglas room, adjoining which, in a little private closet, James II. slew an Earl of Douglas, in anger at his obstinacy in adhering to other nobles who were in rebellion. It was a base act of murder, the Earl having come to the castle on a pledge of safety, and the best apology is that it was done in a fit of passion. Kings cannot brook opposition.

But I must not linger longer, for I have much more which I must get into this letter. We returned to our hotel, where a comfortable dinner was awaiting us. After dinner, I rambled around the ancient streets, where a past age seemed still to maintain its sway. The narrow, winding streets, the overhanging walls, the ancient mouldy buildings and the thatched roofs, moss-covered and musty, and more than all perhaps those narrow lanes, scarcely more than a yard wide, running into the recesses behind the streets, are what carry you back to the "times that were." We took tea with our friend, at his house, and took the train again for Edinborough.

A few days after we made an excursion to Hawthornden and Roslyn, which are among the sights of Edinburgh. We went by train to the station at Hawthornden. We were accompanied by two young ladies of Edinburgh, one of whom, Miss Dickson, is exceedingly well-informed in regard to all the objects of interest about the city, and who laid us under a weight of obligation for many favors, not only on this, but other occasions. The ride by train is about thirteen miles. The

carriages were quite full of others intent upon the same errand as ourselves, and we found we were only a few among the many. The entrance to the grounds is through a gate at a porter's lodge, and tickets are procured at a window there. The grounds are handsomely kept as a wood lawn, with winding walks and parterres of bright flowers, and are very grateful to such as, escaping from the stony streets of the city, long for the freshness of green fields and shady woods. A few furlongs brought us to the house inhabited some two hundred years ago by the poet Drummond, and to which rare Ben Johnson "footed it" all the way from London to visit him—an incident that called to my mind the rambles of poor Goldsmith, who wandered over the continent as a vagrant musician, seeking shelter and food from the poor and lowly in return for his music.

I made an allusion to the "gallant Young Lochinvar," who "swam the Esk river where ford there was none," but Miss D. said it was not that Esk, and I rather thought it could not be that part of it; the banks were too precipitous and the bed too rocky.

We passed through a huge arch over the castle gate, and up another steep—for literally hill rose o'er hill—and were at the chapel. This is now the chief attraction, for it is in good condition for an ancient building, and one of the finest in Scotland. It is remarkable for its sculptured adornments and carvings. One pillar, called the Apprentice's Pillar, is a marvel of beauty.

The country, so irregular just on the border of the Esk, is, although by no means level, very fine, and the land fertile. We rode back in a coach, and, although much fatigued, enjoyed the delightful scenery. The air was bland and genial, the grain-fields, yellow with their ripening burden, gracefully swayed in the breeze, and in a few instances already cut and standing thickly in shocks. We saw the Pentland hills on our left hand, skirting along their base for a few miles, turned away to the right. Soon Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags came into view, and then the city.

This was to be our last day in Edinburgh, and we were to part with friends known briefly, but who had found a place in our heart whence they will not be easily dislodged.

In going to Inverness we had met, as a fellow-passenger on the beautiful "Iona," a young gentleman of intelligence and singularly pleasing manners, who gave us much information as to the objects on the route, and whom we saw again in Inverness. His home and place of business is in Edinburgh, and there we again met him and received so many and such agreeable favors at his hands that we shall ever remember him gratefully. It was to him we owed our introduction to Miss Dickson, and many other pleasures which we leave unmentioned. Mr. Angus—for such is the name of our young friend—and his mother and sisters, with Miss Dickson, called in the evening to say good-bye, and we parted with sadness to think we were never to meet again in this world. It will be a green spot in life to look back to, and will doubtless linger longer in the memory than castles and cathedrals.

On the 17th, we turned our backs upon that fine old city of Edinburgh, sad to leave it, and yet glad, for our home lay before us; and we look eagerly forward to our own hills and valleys, our streams and woods, and, more than all, to the hearts where we are held dear, to the friends who will greet our return with joy.

Our first stage was to Melrose. Melrose, Abbotsford and Dryburgh are to all admirers of Walter Scott shrines of admiration. Arrived at Melrose, and depositing our baggage at a hotel, we took a carriage first for Abbotsford, then returning, we viewed Melrose Abbey, and then again by carriage about five miles to Dryburgh, where Scott's tomb is, as well as his family and his son-in-law Leehart. They are all objects of exceeding interest, and would each require a long letter if I were to undertake a description. I must be excused; I should fall so much below the merits of the subject, and access to good descriptions is so easy, that you must excuse farther remark than simply to say the interest of beholding these scenes, so intimately associated with the life of Scott, is of the most profound nature, and is worth a pilgrimage in itself. Our names stand recorded at Abbotsford and Dryburgh, with thousands of Americans who revere his memory.

The weather for the last two weeks has been

fine; on the morning we left Melrose it showed symptoms of rain, and before we reached Harwick it began to sprinkle, and the day was wet. We passed Hexhem, an iron manufacturing town, and at Ricarton we changed from the Carlisle train to a Newcastle one. We had traveled north on the west coast, and now wanted to reach the east coast on running south. We passed Newcastle, one of the great towns of England, with but a short stop. Here there is an immense cathedral, the largest we had yet seen. It is finely situated on an eminence, and may be said to be "grand, glorious and peculiar." As we entered the gateway to the esplanade, we saw tottering along towards the doorway of the building from the interior, an aged man, with bare head, in a sable surplice, and with a black rod surmounted by a gilded ball, who looked as if he might be the spirit of the place, so ghostly an appearance did he make. My wife and little daughter almost shrunk from encountering him, but upon getting nearer the weird appearance lessened, and we found him very harmless. He proved to be an old Verger, nearly worn out in long service, simple as a child, yet wise in the lore of the pile where his life had been spent in an unmeaning round of ceremony. I know not what impressions are made upon others by the huge cathedrals and royal magnificence of the "Church," but there is a continual "*cui bono*" that rises even above wonder and admiration as I look upon the gorgeousness that repeats itself as we move from place to place and view the wondrous works of former ages in these remains of antiquity. They are marvels of art, and must have consumed generations of men, to say nothing of the treasure lavished upon them. And the state in which the clergy of the established religion is maintained—I have no means at hand to institute a comparison, but I venture the opinion that the expenses of the Government of the United States, with her forty millions of souls, is less than that of the Church of England. And here, it seems to me, lies the grievance of the people. If this could be removed, little would be left to complain of. A repeal of the law of primogeniture would settle all the rest in the most natural and equitable way. If this be treason, I may say with Patrick Henry, "make the most of it."

We also visited Durham Castle. It is now a University, under the especial surveillance of the Bishop of Durham. The college term had closed, and the rooms were in a measure deserted. If the cathedral is given up to the dead past, the castle is wrought into the life that now is, everything indicating reality. Its halls, corridors, its refectory and its libraries are replete with ornamentation, while utility in arrangement and in furniture is judiciously combined with it.

Durham itself is a squalid town. Although represented in Parliament by two members, it is only on the rotten borough system. Its streets are narrow and dirty, its business, huckster stands and rum shops, and its people generally looking seedy and ignorant. For a town of any note, it is decidedly the wretchedest we have visited, and strikes a stranger as a sort of Rip Van Winklish place, just rousing out of a century's sleep. We learned that the Bishop had deserted it, living at Aucland, ten miles away, in a splendid palace, and we were told by the ghostly old Verger that he did not come to the cathedral more than once or twice in a year. What a commentary this one fact upon an "established religion!" After a day and night at Durham, we took train for York, and I believe we can say it is the only place we have stopped at that we left without regret.

After a pleasant and fast ride of about seventy miles through a beautiful country, in a splendid morning, we reached this ancient city of the White Rose, and have most agreeable quarters, and propose to stay over a week.

D. N. L.

LONDON, September 4, 1871.

Dear Brother: If my letters have been dull, as I fear they have, it is not for lack of a desire to make them interesting. Neither has it been for lack of abundant material in the incidents of our journeyings and the objects we have seen. I have avoided giving a narrative of circumstances in detail, and studied to condense my observations in a general way, having reference to brevity,

preferring that the reader should regret rather that my letters were too short.

If I had the power of describing in pleasing terms a narrative of what I saw in York, as I did see it, and infusing into it something of the interest it excited in me, I should be tempted to depart from the rule I have spoken of, and write more fully about things so interesting.

York, so suggestive of early British history, whose first mishap overthrew Boadicea, in the last attempt of the ancient Britons to throw off the Roman yoke: where Constantine the Great was born; where his father died, and several other emperors reigned; founded a thousand years before the christian era; once the most important town on the island, and for a long time maintaining its ascendancy; where, too, the ancient parliament held its sessions, in a royal residence, still standing, and occupied as a royal residence and parliament house so late as in the reign of Charles First.

The pride of its freemen in their ancient city has preserved to a great extent the city wall, with its posterns, its bastions, its towers, and its arched gateways; and to this day the traveler seeking entrance must enter its ancient gates—unless he comes by rail, and he then passes through an archway cut in the wall to admit the railway—"Micklegate," "Monkgate," "Walmgate," and "Bootharm." Each gate is of massive thickness, and surmounted by a high, square tower, a small castle in itself, with rooms for its keeper and for men employed to defend it under the old forms of warfare, when bowmen and billmen were the assailants.

The entire city is ancient. It is mostly confined to its walled limits; but few streets are without the walls, and they are of little importance. Laid out under conditions pertaining to other times, it still adheres to its want of method, and winds about in the most amusingly perverse way, without any of the ways of cutting off corners which in a modern town are to be found. If you want to get from one street to another, you cannot cut across; you must go to the end of one and to the beginning of the other, or you will find yourself involved in a labyrinth, with a glorious uncertainty of where you will come out. The streets wind around with no uniformity, meeting near the gateways, at the cathedral, castle and parish church, but without order or uniformity, sometimes swelling out to respectable width and anon contracting to a very narrow limit, so that the buildings which formerly and in many instances still project the second story so as to overhang the sidewalk, and the third so as to overhang the street, will be so near to each other that the occupants can shake hands from the third story windows.

In every direction you will find old churches crumbling under the canker of time, borne down by the weight of years, but still preserved with tender care, and still used for public worship. St. Mary's Abbey is indeed in ruins, but its roofless walls are guarded and cherished for the sake of old memories. But above all else that makes the glory of York is its Minster. How many lives must have been spent in rearing it, and what countless treasure must have gone into its gray walls! Wrinkled and old, it is still gorgeous. Time is crumbling the solid stones which compose it, but reparation is as active as decay, and it is still kept presentable. It impresses you as a huge relic of medieval times, covering four acres of ground; its great towers aspire heavenward two hundred and thirteen feet, and two of these have pinnacles which seek still loftier attainment. Its nave has the modest elevation from the floor to the grand arches of its ceiling of ninety-nine feet, and under the great square tower one hundred and fifty feet. The carvings represent saints and angels innumerable, with such a lavish adornment as to amaze the beholder. It is surprising to what extremes the presumption of man will lead, and how much, even in a christian nation, will expend itself in outward show, as if men expected to buy their way to salvation by devoting their substance to costly shrines of public worship. A very considerable revenue is derived by exhibiting portions of the cathedral—the choir, chapter-house and crypt. The entrance to the nave is at all times free, which enables the common people to view it without charge.

I found the deepest impression in the stony effigies of fifteen of the English kings, beginning with the Conqueror and ending with

Henry the Sixth. As I gazed at them, I tried to find in their lineaments some distinctive trace of character, but they made no sign. The old Conqueror showed no trace of his resplendent military genius; Cœur-de-Leon was neither more nor less the Knight of the Cross, or John the craven who acknowledged the Pope as his temporal sovereign, and yielded to his incensed barons that great charter, the significance of which neither those who extorted nor he who conceded fully understood. There was no special wisdom in the stony gaze of the English Justinian; nothing in the third Edward to indicate greatness, or in Richard the Second to indicate imbecility. Not even did "Prince Hal" look the "jolly dog" that lusty old Sir John esteemed him, when they drank their pots of ale in good dame Quickley's inn. There was Henry Bolingbroke, whose accession inaugurated the Wars of the Roses; and there Edward the Fourth, in whose person the White Rose triumphed, after three reigns of Lancasters:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York."

Here was food for the imagination, and while I stood before them I mused; and one by one some incident of history would come up before me with striking vividness—incidents of heroic deeds done here. Here lay, too, an Archbishop of York, true to his patron, who lost his head in those troubled times by reason of his fidelity—his marble form recumbent on a stony bed in his priestly garments.

These, which recalled so forcibly to mind the actual, arrested my attention, and interested me more than the wondrous architecture, or the richness of sculpture or carving, which, to repeat myself, is amazing. There is such an immensity of it that a year's time would be consumed in examining it, and an attempt to do so is of itself almost bewildering. The service, which is daily, is cumbrous and stiff, and not at all interesting to me. So much of pomp and ceremony seemed to my mind to savor too much of show, "the mint and the cummin," rather than the weightier matters of the law. But this feeling is doubtless intensified, if not altogether owing to early Puritan impressions, and will be received cautiously by some, while others will repudiate it altogether. So be it. Liberty to worship God according to the dictates of conscience is an American birthright; so, too, is freedom of speech.

I dismiss the cathedral with the remark that there is a want of uniformity which is remarkable. It is a conglomeration of architecture as well as of ornamentation, seeking rather to combine all orders of architecture than unity of design; thus you have a blending of Saxon, Norman and Grecian. So, too, the windows are neither alike in shape nor in size, but each stands for itself, and challenges notice for special reasons of its own. The great east window is at least a marvel in size, being about seventy-seven feet high, while it is thirty-three feet wide. The great west window is about sixty by twenty-five feet.

It is the fashion to go into ecstacies over these old cathedrals, and it requires some nerve to withhold a rapturous admiration, but if it be to my shame to confess it, honesty compels me to say that a continual feeling of "*cui bono*" rises in my mind, and I cannot avoid the deduction that it is a wicked waste thus to lavish treasures untold on these gorgeous churches, while the streets beneath are traversed by those who need food and raiment. The costly shrines of England, and the oppression of her "Establishment" which they typify, are among the remnants of the abuses of the "ancient regime," which are crumbling before the march of time, and gradually giving way to better things, as the light and liberty of progress grows, little by little, more perceptible. Railways have opened up all parts of this ancient island, and increased the friction of mind, so that every change is towards that great fundamental truth—The Equality of Man. It is the glory of America that she has builded upon that rock of Truth, and when she goes astray she can return to it and take a new departure, sure that her starting-point at least is secure. I am not blind to the errors of our own country. The depravity of the human heart will forever confront us as a gloomy fact, frequently baffling our wisest efforts towards a higher and larger liberty; but we can at least exercise that constant vigilance which Jefferson saw was our only hope of safety.

The church tyranny, which is, as I believe I remarked in a former letter, now the great bulwark of oppression, is like the old cathedral walls crumbling. The extravagant salaries of the great dignitaries are, on every occasion where reduction is possible, cut down. Thus the Primate has been reduced from $150,000 to $100,000, and the Archbishop of York from $100,000 to $75,000, and other bishops in like manner; but their revenues are still a scandal to the people. But time will surely, if she does but slowly, vindicate the cause of justice, and shake off these barnacles from the Ship of State. As to the privileged laymen, one stroke of the legislative sword will cut the Gordian knot, and relieve the State from this absurdity, by casting the patrimony on *all* the children a man leaves behind him, instead of *one* whose birth happened to be first. When these happy improvements come, as surely they shall, England will indeed be free. I trust they will come, as I believe they will, without violence. Better wait a little than to shed blood, as some of the more ardent of the chartists would be glad to do. How different the dangers which threaten our own land from those which confront England, and dangers innumerable do threaten us. In one respect a gigantic and apparently unconquerable evil is common to both. I mean intemperance, which here, as with us, shows itself unblushingly in the highways and the byways, by day and by night, and is confined to no class, but seems to permeate all ranks of society. But, politically, our danger lies in the way of an intense and unscrupulous greed, a disposition to prey upon the State; begetting corruption in every phase; sapping at the very foundation of the body politic; corrupting the ballot, and setting at naught the will of the majority, by practices which seek success rather than concealment. But it is time for me to close, and I fear no good can come from berating the politicians, who are too thick-skinned to whine under anything less than a cat-o'-nine-tails, well laid on.

We have reached London, and seen St. Paul's, the British Museum, Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, Parliament Houses, Newgate, the Inns of Court, &c. We will stay here until about the 25th inst., when we go to Liverpool, by way of Warwick, &c. D. N. L.

London, September 11, 1871.

Dear Brother: I sit down to write with copies of the Advance, *Tribune* and *Times* lying by me on the table, and with letters from Carbondale, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre before me, and it seems quite homelike—yet I am not unconscious that a wide distance separates us from that spot which, although it is "homely," is still the dearest to our hearts.

We are in a quiet place, though not far removed from one of the greatest thoroughfares of London. A few minutes' walk will take us into "High Holborn," where we can at any time get a taste of life in a great city. Crowds of passers to and fro, some in haste and some in leisure, sauntering from window to window, viewing the costly treasures of four continents and all the islands of the sea, gathered into this great show-shop and marketplace of the world. The roar of wheels, the tramp of the gigantic horses, with their immense feet, iron-clad and ringing upon the granite pavement; the cries of the many sellers of small wares in the open street; the sharp "hah!" of drivers of vehicles to foot passengers in danger of being run over by some sudden turn that raised an unexpected issue—all these, and many more, manifest the great metropolis. Three millions and an odd five hundred thousand souls, all crowded into a space not much larger than Carbondale township, is, you will readily see, crowding people together in an uncomfortable manner.

Judging, however, from my own observation, enlightened by general information beforehand, I am free to say that the greatest good of the greatest number is consulted in the government of this great city. I have not always chosen the plainest or cleanest routes in my walks, for I want to see, not the rich and honorable only, but the people and their ways, and I have been in no place where I have felt personal apprehension, or where the surroundings were specially revolting. Doubtless there are such places, and in the two weeks more of our stay I may find them. In my solitary rambles I walk; when accompanied by my wife and daughter we ride, but in riding you cannot see much. I presume I walk on an average six or eight miles every day.

There are certain great thoroughfares, the

great arteries of the city, which will take you long distances in a nearly direct line, not straight, for they run generally into some center, where several streets come together, and here a little deviation is very common; but the drift of travel shows the way, the omnibus lines being a good guide. I sometimes consult my map, and occasionally inquire of a policeman, but I rarely find myself at loss, and should undertake, without hesitation, to seek any locality in London.

The magnitude of so great a city is not appreciable to a stranger. He cannot take in the idea of its vastness, but it will grow upon him day by day, and perhaps it would do so for a lifetime. The oldest citizens are strangers to parts of it; and I presume if twenty of those best acquainted with different parts were to put their knowledge into common stock, it would fall short of completeness.

The day after our arrival from York we devoted to a short ramble on Oxford street. We had some distance, perhaps half a mile, to walk to reach it. We started without direction, and made several turns, but did not go much astray. We struck "Tottenham Court road," which being what I have termed an "artery," the way was plain—"a wayfaring man" could not err possibly. In the evening, with my little daughter, we struck out in another direction, to "High Holborn," down to "Chancery Lane," and down it past "Lincoln's Inn" to "Fleet Street," "Temple Bar," and the "Strand." How familiar were these names; and here we were, a part of the moving throng. Temple Bar is one of the great gates that in ancient times were closed at night, but now, of course, though still standing and kept in repair, is always open. It has a main archway for the carriages, and smaller arches on each side for pedestrians. Through these narrow passages a steady stream of human life flows continually, while the roar of wheels and the tramp of horses is nearly as constant as the roar of the sea. In walking about those points which Dickens has so graphically described, his vivid creations, beings that you seem to know, perpetually haunt my mind, and I almost expect to meet them. So well do I feel acquainted with them that I feel assured of a recognition. I think I could not fail to know "Micawber" if he were to "turn up," and would make sure of the stately "Turvey Drop," whose "deportment" would betray him to even a dull comprehension. But I have found no parallel to these, nor to "Quilp," nor to "Little Nell and her grandfather," nor even to "Poor Joe," to whom "Snagsby," the "Law Stationer, Cursitor Street," "was wery good." I went the length of Cursitor Street, but Snagsby was "*non est*"; but walking down "Lincoln's Inn Fields" I was struck with a sign, "Snagsby, Law Stationer," which, I thought, "not to put too fine a point on it," must have suggested the name at least to the great author. So on another sign, "Hellaby," I fancied, must have easily been transmuted into "Jellaby." So that Dickens, who beyond all writers of fiction seems to have the most originality in naming his characters, doubtless owes to the London signs many hints whereof his readers on the western shores have had no notice.

I have wandered much in the regions of the "Great Circumlocution Office," but "Jarndyce and Jarndyce" was not "on"; indeed, the Lord Chancellor was not "on" himself, so I did not go in. The glamour which came over me on first viewing these scenes is wearing off, and I no longer expect to see these creatures of the brain in flesh and blood, knowing that they are confined to no place, but can be summoned before you as well at Carbondale as at London.

Last Sunday, in riding through Piccadilly, I saw the office of "All the Year 'Round," but having by this time got somewhat familiarized with associations with Dickens' memory, and the day before stood over his ashes in Westminster Abbey, I was able to control my emotions and see that it was a plain brick building, unconscious of its coming glories, when pilgrims from far-off shores shall make balloon voyages to see it.

By the way, our ride was to Spurgeon's church. We had tickets of admission, and by going early got a good seat, where we could hear the services. The church is oval, and its full capacity is about five thousand, but on a strain it is said two thousand more can get in. Many stood up in the aisles during the entire service. Of Spurgeon nothing that I could say would add to or diminish his fame. His

power, I judge, lies in his physical strength and his straight-forward earnestness. His voice does not seem to have uncommon power, yet it is said to be a far-reaching one, not thundering to those near at hand and dying away to those in the distance, but ringing along the walls and the aisles, and filling the entire area of the church. It has no special richness or mellowness, and would of itself attract no attention.

One day during our first week we devoted to the British Museum, which is a world of wonders. Another to St. Paul's, which we found less interesting than York Minster, though in some respects more magnificent. Our relish for cathedrals is somewhat abated. On our way from York we peeped through Peterboro, and were content to catch a flying glimpse, a very good outside view, of one of the finest in the kingdom.

One day we spent at the Crystal Palace, ending up with a very fine display of fire-works, and acrobatic performance by Mons. Blondin. On Saturday of our first week we visited the Parliament Houses and Westminster Abbey. We found these of great interest, particularly the Abbey. We lingered in the "Poet's Corner," reading the inscriptions, and musing over the "strange, eventful history" of the children of genius whose memory is here preserved by "storied urn" and "marble bust," reared by an admiring country. "Charles Dickens" is the freshest of the "names that were not born to die" that we found registered in the solemn stillness and "dim, religious light" of this ancient spot.

Of the Houses of Parliament I can only find room to say they are so unlike our halls of legislation that I can draw no parallel. The individual comfort of even the Lords is consulted only to the extent of furnishing them a seat on a handsomely cushioned red bench, in common with as many others as may find it convenient and agreeable to sit together. No means of writing, and no conveniences for reading even, without leaving their place.

The House of Commons is very small, with similar seats to the Lords, but not enough to seat the whole House. There are over six hundred members, and I don't think over four hundred could find seats. No desks, only benches, and *no pay*. Honor is their only reward; and it costs a fortune to "stand" for an election. The gem of the building is the chapel in the crypt, which is a beautiful room, well lighted, and handsomely fitted up in every way. Among the historical paintings adorning the walls of the corridors in the Parliament House, I was gratified to see a fine one representing the embarkation of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower. Cromwell, too, has a place among the rulers of England, a proof that the bitterness of strife is dying out.

The Guildhall and the Tower I visited alone, the labor being too much for my companions. At the Guildhall, which is the Lord Mayor's palace, the great statues of the giants "Gog and Magog" have a heathenish look. Several courts were open, into which I looked. The proceedings were uninteresting. In the Library I saw Shakespeare's signature to a deed, and autographs of many authors, letters from both Napoleons and several kings and queens of England. At the "Mansion House," near by, I looked into the Lord Mayor's court. A case was on trial, the Lord Mayor presiding.

The Tower is to be seen daily, for two charges, one to see the "Armory" and one to see the "Royal Regalia," a few baubles worth some millions, in which great virtues fictitiously reside. When James the Second fled from London, he threw the great seal into the Thames, in his spiteful hatred of the people, but the nation survived the loss, and so, I imagine, if the case of symbols called the "Regalia," which are kept here, were all destroyed, the nation would "still live." The armour is of great interest. It is in itself a history from the Conqueror's time to the present. How those old warriors could stand up under the weight of the steel which encased them is astonishing. One suit weighs one hundred and sixty-nine pounds, so the attendant told us. The man was built into a shed of iron—armed "cap-a-pie." The horse, too, was sheathed in front, so as to be nearly invulnerable. There is a splendid stock of muskets—the "Snyder musket,"—sixty-five thousand exposed to view, and the attendant told me they had two hundred thousand ready for use. I felt inwardly glad the Alabama trouble was adjusted. What life-destroying

capacity was lodged here, in this grim old edifice.

We were shown the block and axe used in state executions, the one that severed the head of a king. It is over a hundred years since it was used to cut off the heads of three Scotch lords. There were the marks made by the axe still upon it. We were also shown the instruments of torture—the rack, the thumb-screw, the "*pien forte et dure*," and the dungeon with solid walls ten feet thick. I entered and groped my way around, feeling the walls, as many an unfortunate had done in times "long ago," without the cheerful hope which I had of safe egress. The room where Lady Jane Grey was confined, and the prayer-book used by her before her death, were shown. Many inscriptions on the walls had been made—some really beautiful—hundreds of years ago. Raleigh was confined in another tower. I thought of his melancholy fate; and of James the Second of Scotland, whose youthful years wasted away in this prison; and of Wallace, so unjustly and barbarously murdered, for no crime whatever. But enough. Although I have not exhausted the subject, I must pass to other matters.

I had a most agreeable trip to "Barking, Essex," about eight miles down the river, to see Mr. John Alexander, a brother to our well-known and public-spirited fellow-citizen. Mr. Alexander is at the head of an extensive sack manufactory, employing about nine hundred hands, the majority women. The raw material is "jute," from India. It goes through about a dozen processes, and comes out a gross of bags, in bales, pressed into the smallest compass; canvas-covered and banded with iron, it is ready to go back to India, about a thousand times increased in value by its voyage to England. The perfection of the machinery and Mr. Alexander's management are both admirable. A recently received letter from his brother secured for me the politest attention. Mr. A. pointed out to me, not far from the factory, a farm-house, where, he said, the disclosure of the "Gunpowder Plot" was made.

Yesterday we went with our landlord to hear Dr. Cummings. His church is in "Covent Garden," just out of "Drury Lane," and so near us that we walked. The sermon was good, but not remarkable. After church, Mr. Williams invited us to walk a little farther, to the "Embankment," a promenade on the river-side, recently thrown up, and a delightful walk. Here we saw a station of the underground railway, and the swiftly-gliding little steamers that ply along the shore and carry passengers from point to point for a penny.

In returning, Mr. W. pointed out to us the church where Dr. Dodd preached, and also the house where he lived, which is very near us. You will remember that he committed forgery a hundred years or so since, with the intention of taking care of the paper, but when the fatal day arrived he was unable to do so, and being convicted, he was, despite the great efforts made by persons of high influence, hung, the government being inflexible. It was a hard thing to hang a clergyman of accomplished manners, of acknowledged ability and general moral worth, who had not *intended* to defraud; yet he had broken the law, and the penalty was death. To vindicate English justice from the charge of partiality to the higher classes, it was thought that he must suffer.

Among the objects of interest at the British Museum I had forgotten to mention the original draft of "Magna Charta," the autographs of "Junius," Cromwell, Swedenbourg, Milton, Lord George Gordon, William Pitt, Pope, Burke, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Burns, and several of the English sovereigns, including our old enemy, George the Third.

I find all the shop-keepers know us at once for Americans. We were asked this morning which we liked best, England or America, and replied very promptly that, while we liked England very well, we liked America far better. The man said some Americans liked England best, and referred to some of the gentlemen who were stopping at the "Inns of Court Hotel." I supposed this to refer to the "Knights" who had been there, but I "guess" he misunderstood. I am frequently asked if we intend to return, and have been amused sometimes that my answer of "certainly" seemed to cause surprise. *Per contra*, many admit freely that America is a better place for young men to grow up and build up a fortune in than England.

London is mostly built of brick, the buildings substantial, but without external adornment, greatly inferior to the fine streets of our large cities. Whole rows of high and evidently substantial dwellings are entirely devoid of cornice, and the windows and doors very plain, the latter made very wide, with a great iron knocker, with bell also, and the words "knock and ring" on them.

But I must close. The bell of "St. George the Martyr" admonishes me of the flight of time, chiming out in very silvery tones every quarter; and my letter is unusually long. It will be the last. If my letters have given pleasure, I am abundantly repaid for the little trouble I have taken. I trust soon to see my home and friends, and to resume my place among them. Some mistakes in printing have occurred, which I fear have occasioned wonder, but I wonder myself at the general accuracy which has marked the few I have seen in print.

D. N. L.